

# AMERICA

## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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### Chronicle

**The War.**—Grandcourt has been taken by the British; south of Kiselin the Russians have gained a minor success; and the Sereth, in Moldavia, has been crossed by

*Bulletin, Feb. 5, p.m.*  
*Feb. 12, a.m.*

the Central Powers, who were forced later to retire to their former positions. Military events have attracted

but little attention during the past week, for the interest of the world has been concentrated on the progress of the German submarine warfare and on diplomatic developments in neutral nations with regard to the German submarine proclamation of January 31.

The German threat against all shipping within the forbidden zone is being carried out. Passenger ships and freight steamers have been sunk without warning; and

*The Submarine  
Threat Effective*

although there has been a gradual diminution in the number of ships sunk daily, the campaign has been

very effective. Since February 1 eighty-three vessels have been destroyed, aggregating a total of 168,874 tons. Of this number fifty-one belonged to belligerent nations and thirty-two to neutral nations. With the exception of the Housatonic, no United States ship has been attacked; one citizen of the United States lost his life, but as he was acting as a seaman on a British freighter, his death has not been considered sufficient cause for a declaration of war.

Our ships have not passed through the barred zones since the "days of grace" accorded us by Germany. Practically all American shipping has been held up in American ports, and so far Germany's threat has been indirectly effective. The Government has refused to advise steamship companies to send out their boats, although admitting their right to do so; Washington has declared that measures may be taken for defense, but apparently has been unwilling up to the present to furnish guns or gunners. Two American freight steamers, disregarding all Germany's instructions, have sailed for France; but the sailings of the American line have been indefinitely postponed.

Following up his announcement to the Senate of the severance of diplomatic relations between Germany and

the United States, the President instructed the representatives of the United States in neutral countries to inform the Governments to which they are accredited, of the step taken by the President, and of his determination, in case Germany should do so, to "ask Congress to authorize use of national power to protect American citizens engaged in their peaceful and lawful errands on the seas."

*The President's  
Invitation*

The representatives were also ordered to convey to the neutral Governments the President's belief that "It will make for the peace of the world if other neutral Powers can find it possible to take similar measures." The neutral nations, Spain included, have all informed Washington that they have made energetic protests against Germany's action, but China alone has gone to the length of announcing that she will sever diplomatic relations, if the submarine measures are pursued; other countries have shown no inclination to take such a step.

The Senate of the United States has formally approved of the rupture of relations with Germany. A resolution, indorsing the President's action, was introduced by Senator Stone, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee and passed by a vote of seventy-eight

*The Attitude of the  
United States*

to five. During the course of the debate two things were made evident, the Senate's earnest desire to keep out of war and its unanimous determination to stand squarely behind the Chief Executive should war become inevitable. On February 5 Mr. Wilson issued a proclamation forbidding the sale, lease, charter or transfer to foreign registry of United States ships already under registry, under pain of prosecution and punishment. Orders were also issued by him to hasten the construction of naval ships. Preparations for war are being made for it; but the steps taken by the Government are for the most part shrouded in secrecy. In the meantime the President is insisting on a scrupulous observance of the rights of Germans in this country, and on an avoidance of even the appearance of an infraction of international law. Safe conduct for Count Bernstorff and his party

has been obtained from Great Britain and France, and seizure of the German ships in our ports, already much damaged by Germans, in anticipation of their confiscation by the United States in the event of war, has been rigorously forbidden.

The mystery surrounding the alleged detention in Berlin of Ambassador Gerard, for he still retains the title of Ambassador "without post," and of the failure of repeated efforts on the part of our State Department to get any direct word from him since February 4, is still unsolved. The explanation, that he was held by Germany because the United States had prevented Count von Bernstorff from telegraphing that he had received his passports, and from communicating with his Government by wireless, although it was based on what is said to be an official statement of the German Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is now discredited. Mr. Lansing has said that he doubts the authenticity of the statement, inasmuch as Count von Bernstorff has been shown every courtesy and give every facility to communicate with Berlin. It has been ascertained, moreover, that the dismissed German Ambassador, as a matter of fact, used the wireless to inform his Government that he had received his passports, within a few hours after he received them. The truth of the matter will probably not be known for some time, because Mr. Gerard has authorized the announcement that he will make no statement until he had communicated personally with the President. He arrived at Zurich, Switzerland, on February 11, after a pleasant journey from Berlin without untoward event, and will return at once to the United States.

Before leaving Berlin, Mr. Gerard was asked by the German Foreign Office to sign a proposal reaffirming the treaties of 1799 and 1828. He declined to discuss the matter and referred the German Foreign Office to the Spanish and Swiss Governments as the proper channels for communication with the United States. His action has been upheld by our Government. The treaties in question terminated three years ago, with the passage of the Seamen's act. Germany was invited, with other nations, to continue the treaties in an amended form. Other nations responded to the invitation, but Germany failed to do so. President Wilson however has given assurances that the spirit of the treaties will be observed, and that the United States "will in no circumstance take advantage of a state of war to take possession of property to which international understanding and the recognized law of the land give it no just claim." Germany apparently is not satisfied with these assurances, but has requested, through Dr. Paul Ritter, the Swiss Minister at Washington, a reinterpretation of the treaty of 1799.

The services of the Swiss Minister were also invoked by the German Government to present to the United

States a proposal that negotiations be entered into between the two Governments concerning modifications of the submarine warfare. A memorandum was delivered February 11 to the State Department by Dr. Ritter, which read as follows:

*Negotiations Proposed by Germany*

The Swiss Government has been requested by the German Government to say that the latter is now, as before, willing to negotiate, formally, or informally, with the United States, provided that the commercial blockade against England will not be broken thereby.

The next day, February 12, Mr. Lansing gave the Swiss Minister the following reply:

My Dear Mr. Minister—I am requested by the President to say to you, in acknowledging the memorandum which you were kind enough to send to me on the 11th inst., that the Government of the United States would gladly discuss with the German Government any questions it might propose for discussion were it to withdraw its proclamation of the 31st of January in which, suddenly and without previous intimation of any kind, it canceled the assurances which it had given this Government on the 4th of May last; but that it does not feel that it can enter into any discussion with the German Government concerning the policy of submarine warfare against neutrals which it is now pursuing, unless and until the German Government renews its assurances of the 4th of May and acts upon the assurance.

It is reported, though not officially, that Germany intended from the beginning to make exceptions in favor of American shipping, if they were demanded, but was prevented from so doing by the sudden rupture of diplomatic relations.

**China.**—News came last month that Japan and China had exchanged final notes regarding the settlement of the quarrel that began when their respective troops clashed at Chengchiatun. China agreed to punish and reprimand the responsible officers, and to grant an indemnity to the Japanese whose grievance caused the trouble. But China refused the Mikado's claims for police rights in Southern Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, and rejected his suggestions that Japanese military advisers and instructors should be employed by China. Japan maintained, however, that she has a right to police those parts of Manchuria where her nationals have settled. According to reports received in Washington, February 8, the Japanese have now made encroachments on Chinese sovereignty at Amoy, and General Lo Hou-chi wrote his Government for instructions and announced that "in spite of repeated protests against the illegal establishment of police stations at Amoy, the Japanese in that port are still exercising police rights, arresting Chinese and seizing property."

*Relations with Japan*

Other provincial governors have telegraphed to the same effect and the Nanking Provincial Assembly protests that the illegal establishment of a Japanese station at Amoy and the arbitrary exercise of police rights by Japan are "gross insults to the sovereignty of the country." The Assembly urges that the Chinese Gov-



ernment reassert "the national rights." China's mistrust of Japan has been increased, moreover, by the report that the Grand Canal in the Shantung province is to be reconstructed by Japanese capitalists cooperating with American. The rumor created a commotion in the political and newspaper circles of Pekin. The *Gazette* regards the move as an attempt to strengthen Japan's claim to German interests in the Shantung province, and warns Mr. W. D. Straight, the head of the American International Corporation, that "the inevitable result of an attempt by Americans to cooperate with the Japanese in China will be that they will be grouped in the same category with the Japanese."

**Cuba.**—A special correspondence from Havana to the New York *Evening Post* states that following swiftly on the apparent settlement of the Presidential contest by the recent decision of the Supreme Court given in favor of the Liberals in the Province of Santa Clara, the country is now confronted by another serious situation. The crisis is caused by the determination of President Menocal, taken in spite of the opposition of many of his most prominent supporters, to do all that lies in his power to prevent Dr. Zayas from becoming President.

#### **The Presidential Election**

The contention of those supporters of President Menocal who denounce the decision of the Supreme Court as unjust, is that they will win the new elections ordered for a few districts both in Santa Clara and in Oriente. They can scarcely accomplish this by ordinary means. For the present Liberal majority in the former province, as fixed by the Supreme Court, is 1,165, and the total number of voters who will cast their ballots in the new elections set for the middle of February is only 2,400. Santa Clara, moreover, as the province of former President José Miguel Gomez, is traditionally a Liberal stronghold, and the elections held in the disputed districts, last November, were carried by the Liberals, by a substantial majority. Even a victory in Santa Clara would not reelect President Menocal, for the Liberals claim that Oriente will give them a large majority. The Conservatives, therefore, must carry both provinces.

The Liberals maintain that President Menocal will use all the power of the Administration, even the army, to defeat the will of the people as expressed at the polls. They declare that they will stand by the decision of the Supreme Court and will do their utmost to carry the new elections by all legal means, having full confidence in their victory, provided that the Government abstain from fraud and intimidation. If a crisis comes they may appeal for American intervention. The correspondent of the *Evening Post* states, moreover, that there is a revival of the proposition of General Guzman, of Santa Clara, that the Government at Washington be petitioned to appoint a commission to supervise the elections as the only means of assuring a fair count. The Liberals have also suggested that there be appointed a "patriotic

joint commission" composed of representative men of both parties to oversee the elections. Conservative leaders have rejected the proposition, Dr. Ricardo Doiz, the manager of the Conservative campaign, declaring that he would resign if it were accepted. Since the beginning of the dispute, President Menocal has held that the law is sufficient to deal with all the points at issue, that he will see it is administered and that hence all conferences, compromises, etc., are unnecessary.

**France.**—M. René Bazin, the eminent Catholic novelist whose masterpieces are almost as well known in the United States as in his native land, has for some time

#### **The Catholic Publicists**

been accomplishing a thoroughly apostolic work. Thanks to his initiative and untiring efforts, "The Corporation of Catholic Publicists," of which he has been appointed President, has been founded. Taught by the lessons of the war, the distinguished writer and his associates wish to unite their country after the war, politically and morally, for its true and real interests. The appeal is made to men of all parties and creeds. But one of the main purposes of the Corporation is to unite all Catholics in a great campaign, and to use the Catholic press, all Catholic writers, sociologists, speakers, teachers, and men in public life for the end proposed. The program of the Corporation has been issued under the title, "The Necessary Reforms." Catholic efficiency is one of its watchwords and its strongest appeal is to the faith, the zeal and patriotism of French Catholics, but it is addressed to "all men of common sense and good faith."

The program has everywhere met with a warm welcome. The French Bishops in particular have given it their heartfelt approval. For some time past *La Croix* of Paris has been publishing the letters sent to M. Bazin, in which the Bishops express their gratitude for his splendid labors and the thoughtful program he has so carefully worked out. The following letter, while giving evidence of gratitude and approval of the work, also affords an insight into the leading ideas of the program itself. It is addressed to M. Bazin by the Bishop of Amiens:

Under the title "The Necessary Reforms," you have published, in the name of the "Corporation of Catholic Publicists" a program of the highest religious, political and social value. As a Frenchman, I hold that there are political truths on which, not only the prosperity of France but her very existence depends, and that the laws which regulate both the family and labor should be inspired by Christian principles. As a bishop, I give my hearty approval to your generous efforts in behalf of the re-establishment of official relations between the Government and the Holy See, and to the reasons on which you found your claims. As a bishop, I claim with you respect for the faith and the conscience of Catholics, reparation for the injustices committed against them, and the repeal of all persecuting laws. As a bishop, I claim for all Catholics an instruction and an education in conformity with the Faith of their Baptism, and consequently a reform of our teaching system. This shows you with

what satisfaction I have read the program which in full harmony with your associates you have undertaken to carry out and whose purpose is to realize these ideals.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes, the late "hero-bishop," of Arras, Mgr. Lobbedey, the Bishops of Bayonne, Langres, le Mans, Nevers, Digne, the Archbishops of Besançon and Auch, and many others have written similar letters, giving the project their support.

Etienne Clémentel, Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, on February 8, introduced in the Senate the Government measure respecting general civil mobilization.

#### *Man-Power and Finance Bills*

The salient feature of the bill is that it gives to the Government the right to mobilize all able-bodied males between the ages of sixteen and sixty not now serving in the army, who may be assigned to such work for the national defense as their skill and domicile make most advantageous. Farmers or other persons directly concerned with the national defense will be left where they are now working, under certain conditions, as will also public officials and Government employees whose services are indispensable in their present posts. Alphabetical lists of persons subject to summons will be compiled in the offices of the mayors of every township. They will be made up by classes, professions and callings. Volunteers will be first taken for work in the category for which they are registered. Those not volunteering will be called upon when needed and assigned arbitrarily to work. Young men will be called on first and old men progressively, as needed. Under the proposed law, factories or other private enterprises may be requisitioned by Government decree. On the same day the Chamber of Deputies passed a bill authorizing the Minister of Finance to lend \$300,000,000 to the Allies and "friendly nations." This is in addition to \$460,000,000 advanced to the Allies and "friendly nations" authorized by the law of December 29, 1915. Deputy Emile Constant inquired who were the "friendly nations." The Finance Minister explained that the advances were made in common and the question must remain confidential.

**Great Britain.**—On the eve of the opening of Parliament, Mr. A. N. Chamberlain, Director-General of National Service, again appealed in a public meeting in

#### *Enlisting the Nation*

London for more volunteers for the country's service. "The nation is now fighting for its life," said the Director, "and no man or woman has a right to look on idly while others are struggling for the common good." The labor demand, it appears, can be met only when all men and women not actually in the army and navy, are employed in some work of national concern, and it is the intention of the Government to mobilize all England for war. Even physicians and clergymen will be enrolled, and under the arrangements contemplated there can be no shirkers. Volunteers are to be assigned to

trades and occupations for which they are best fitted at a minimum wage of twenty-five shillings weekly.

On February 7 Parliament was opened by the King, with ceremonies shorn of their usual pomp and color. The King was clad in the uniform of an admiral of

#### *Parliament Assembles*

the fleet, while the peers wore none of the customary robes and regalia. The royal gallery in the House of Lords was set aside for the use of wounded soldiers, and for the first time in the history of Parliament, seats were allotted to newspaper correspondents from the allied and neutral countries. One part of the King's speech bore on enlistments for war service:

Accomplishment of the task to which I have set my hand will entail unsparing demand on the energies and resources of my subjects. I am assured, however, that my people will respond to every call necessary for the success of our cause with the same indomitable ardor and patriotism that have filled me with pride and gratitude since the war began.

Addressing the House of Commons, the Premier referred to the breaking off of diplomatic relations between Germany and "the greatest of neutral States." The Premier forbore comment, adding, "Still less is it fitting for us to tender advice or suggestions to a Government which is well able to take care of itself."

**Ireland.**—At a meeting of the Irish Nationalist Party held in the House of Commons in London, on February 8, it was agreed that Mr. John Redmond, the Nationalist leader, should request the Government leader in the House to grant an early day for the discussion of the following motion:

That with a view to strengthening the hands of the Allies and to achieving recognition of the equal rights of small nations and of the principle of nationalities against the opposite German principle of military domination and government without the consent of the governed, it is essential, without further delay, to confer on Ireland the free institutions long promised her.

The resolution echoes to a certain extent the words addressed some time ago by Mr. John Dillon at Swinford to his East Mayo constituents. After reminding his hearers that shortly before the time at which he was addressing them, Mr. Redmond had been able to announce that "exclusion and partition" were dead and would never be revived, Mr. Dillon said:

The present situation is this: That the settlement of the Irish question has become an imperial necessity; that the English Government is almost more anxious to settle the question than we are; and will have to settle it, because, as you will see, it has become an international question.

In the concluding sentences of his speech, Mr. Dillon repeated the previous statement in a different form when he said that the rights and national freedom of Ireland are no longer the domestic affair of England and that they had now come forward "with irresistible claims on the conscience of mankind." His last words were: "If Ireland is faithful to herself and united, then I say that her liberty is secure."



## Cowardice or Caution?

SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.A., M.D.

**A**MONG the accusations leveled against Catholic men of science by anti-Catholic writers the most serious is that of concealing their real opinions on scientific matters, and even of professing views which they do not really hold, out of a craven fear of ecclesiastical denunciations. The attitude which permits of such an accusation is hardly courteous, but, stripped of its verbiage, that is the accusation as it is made. Now, as there are usually at least some smoldering embers of fire where there is smoke, there is just one small item of truth behind all this pother. No Catholic, scientific man or otherwise, who really honors his Faith would desire wilfully to advance theories apparently hostile to its teaching. Further, even if he were convinced of the truth of facts which might appear—it could only be “appear”—to conflict with that teaching he would in expounding them either show how they could be harmonized with his religion, or, if he were wise, would treat his facts from a severely scientific point of view and leave other considerations to the theologians trained in directions almost invariably unexplored by scientific men. Perhaps the memory of old, far-off, unhappy events should not be recalled, but it is pertinent to remark that the troubles in connection with a man whose name once stood for all that was stalwart in Catholicism, did not originate in, nor were they connected with, any of the scientific books and papers of which the late Professor Mivart was the author, but with those theological essays which all his friends must regret that he should ever have written.

It may not be waste of time briefly to consider two of the instances commonly brought up as examples when the allegation with which we are dealing is under consideration.

First of all let us consider the case of Gabriel Fallopius who lived—it is very important to note the date—1523-1562; a Catholic and a churchman. Now it is gravely asserted that Fallopius committed himself to misleading views, views which he knew to be misleading, because he thought that he was thereby serving the interests of the Church. What he said concerned fossils then beginning to puzzle the scientific world of the day. Confronted with these objects and living, as he did, in an unscientific age, when the seven days of creation were interpreted as periods of twenty-four hours each and the universality of the Noachian deluge was accepted by everybody, it would have been something like a miracle if he had at once fathomed the true meaning of the shark's teeth, elephant's bones and other fossil remains which came under his notice. His idea was that all these things were mere concretions “generated by fermenta-

tion in the spots where they were found,” as he very quaintly and even absurdly put it. The accusation, however, is not that Fallopius made a mistake—as many another man has done—but that he deliberately expressed an opinion which he did not hold and did so from religious motives. Of course, this includes the idea that he knew what the real explanation was, for had he not known it, he could not have been guilty of making a false statement. There is no evidence whatever that Fallopius ever had so much as a suspicion of the real explanation, nor, it may be added, had any other man of science for the century which followed his death. Then there arose another Catholic churchman, Nicolaus Stensen (1631-1686), who, by the way, ended his days as a bishop, who did solve the riddle, giving the answer which we accept today as correct, and on whom was conferred by his brethren two hundred years later the title of “The Father of Geology.” It is a little difficult to understand how the “unchanging Church” should have welcomed, or at least in no way objected to, Stensen's views when the mere entertainment of them by Fallopius is supposed to have terrified him into silence. But when the story of Fallopius is mistold, as indicated above, it need hardly be said that the story of Stensen is never so much as alluded to. The real facts of the case are these: Fallopius was one of the most distinguished men of science of his day. Every medical student becomes acquainted with his name because it is attached to two parts of the human body which he first described. He made a mistake about fossils, and that is the plain truth—as we now know, a most absurd mistake, but that is all. As we hinted above, he is very far from being the only scientific man who has made a mistake. Huxley had a very bad fall over *Bathybius* and was man enough to admit that he was wrong. Curiously enough what Huxley thought a living thing really was a concretion, just as what Fallopius thought a concretion had been a living thing.

Another extremely curious fact is that another distinguished man of science, who lived three hundred years later than Fallopius and had all the knowledge which had accumulated during that prolific period to assist him, the late Philip Gosse, fell into the same pit as Fallopius. As his son tells us, he wrote a book to prove that when the sudden act of creation took place the world came into existence so constructed as to bear the appearance of a place which had for aeons been inhabited by living things, or, as some of his critics unkindly put it, “that God hid the fossils in the rocks in order to tempt geologists into infidelity.” Gosse had the real answer under his eyes which Fallopius had not, for the riddle was un-

read in the latter's days. Yet Gosse's really unpardonable mistake was attributed to himself alone and "Plymouth Brethrenism," which was the sect to which he belonged, was not saddled with it, nor have the Brethren been called obscurantists because of it.

Of course there is a second string to the accusation we are dealing with. If the scientific man did really express new and perhaps startling opinions, they would have been much newer and much more startling had he not held himself in for fear of the Church and said only about half of what he might have said. It is the half instead of the whole loaf of the former accusation. Thus, in its notice of Stensen, the current issue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says: "Cautiously at first, for fear of offending orthodox opinion, but afterwards more boldly he proclaimed his opinion that these objects (viz., fossils) had once been parts of living animals."

One may feel quite certain that if Stensen had not been a Catholic ecclesiastic this notice would have run—and far more truthfully—"Cautiously at first until he felt that the facts at his disposal made his position quite secure and then more boldly, etc., etc."

What in the ordinary man of science is caution, becomes cowardice in the Catholic. We shall find another example of this in the case of Buffon (1707-1788) often cited as that of a man who believed all that Darwin believed and one hundred years before Darwin, and yet was afraid to say it because of the Church to which he belonged. This mistake is partly due to that lamentable ignorance of Catholic teaching, not to say that lamentable incapacity for clear thinking, on these matters, which afflicts some non-Catholic writers. Let us take an example from an eminently fairly written book, in which, dealing with Buffon, the author says: "I cannot agree

with those who think that Buffon was an out-and-out evolutionist, who concealed his opinions for fear of the Church. No doubt he did trim his sails—the palpably insincere *Mais non, il est certain par la révélation que tous les animaux ont également participé à la grâce de la création*, following hard upon the too bold hypothesis of the origin of all species from a single one, is proof of it." Of course it is nothing of the kind, for, whatever Buffon may have meant, and none but himself could tell us, it is perfectly clear that whether creation was mediate (as under transformism considered from a Christian point of view it would be) or immediate, every created thing would participate in the grace of creation, which is just the point which the writer from whom the quotation has been made has missed.

The same writer furnishes us with the real explanation of Buffon's attitude when he says that Buffon was "too sane and matter-of-fact a thinker to go much beyond his facts, and his evolution doctrine remained always tentative." Buffon, like many another man, from St. Augustine down to his own times, considered the transformist explanation of living nature. He saw that it unified and simplified the conceptions of species and that there were certain facts which seemed strongly to support it. But he does not seem to have thought that they were sufficient to establish it and he puts forward his views in the tentative manner which has just been suggested.

The fact is that those who father the accusations with which we have been dealing either do not know or scrupulously conceal their knowledge that what they proclaim to be scientific cowardice is really scientific caution, a thing to be lauded and not to be decried.

## Industry and Education

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE

**F**OR some twenty-five years there has been an annual meeting of headmasters of the public schools of England to discuss educational questions. Of course it will be remembered that in England the "public schools" are the great colleges, many of them with a long historical record. The earlier meetings included the chiefs of a very few of these great schools. But the number attending has gradually increased, and for the purpose of organizing this annual conference an incorporated society of headmasters was formed some years ago, and the rectors of some of our Catholic colleges became members. The meeting is usually held at the beginning of each year towards the end of the Christmas holidays. This year the proceedings of the conference have been exceptionally interesting. During the war there has been much discussion as to the position of physical science in the college and high school course. There has

been a tendency, if anything, to exaggerate its importance at the expense of the older traditions of a classical and literary education. Much has been said of the bearing of scientific education on readiness for war, for, at the moment, in many minds, problems suggested by the war dominate all other considerations. In this connection it has been very incorrectly asserted that in the years before the war the teaching of physical science has been given a far greater prominence in the German schools than in those of England. Official statistics, however, prove that in the secondary and higher schools of Germany a far larger proportion of students take the full classical course than in England, and in many cases, the higher courses in science are taken after the studies for the classical degree. The extremists, nevertheless, are anxious to sweep away all the old traditions and they insist that the basis of all higher education should be the study of the physical



sciences, and that, only thus, can there be any hope of future progress in the engineering and manufacturing industries of the Empire.

The president of the conference, the Rev. J. R. Wynne-Edwards, the Headmaster of the Grammar School at Leeds, where the local university makes science a special feature of its courses, devoted his presidential address largely to the alleged neglect of science in English education. Incidentally he mentioned that young men, holding scientific degrees, were in some cases employed as science experts in the Government munition factories at two pounds a week, while many of the workmen were drawing five pounds or six. He said, however, that there were signs of change which would open better prospects in the future for science students, and give the teacher of science a better position in the public schools.

But the most interesting feature of the conference was an address delivered to the headmasters by a prominent business man, who controls one of the greatest industrial organizations in England or in the world. This is Mr. W. L. Hichens, the chairman of Messrs. Cammell, Laird & Company. His firm is an amalgamation of two older firms of shipbuilders and steelworkers. Lairds were the first iron shipbuilders in England; Cammell & Company, a steel-working firm in the Midlands, which specialized some years ago in heavy naval guns and armorplating. The combined firm can turn out a battleship, costing two million sterling or more, every part of whose hull, armor, armament, engines and equipment has been made in their shops. They employ a whole army of workers in four or five great centers, and have a turn-over of many millions annually.

Mr. Hichens, in his address, threw copious douches of cold water on the people whose theory is that physical science should be the leading feature in the schools, and that boys should learn during their school course to be expert mechanics, electricians or chemists. This is an idea which has many advocates, and there is no doubt that if it were a practical proposition—if skilled workers could be manufactured in the school-room—the chief of a great engineering firm, like Mr. Hichens, would be only too glad to welcome it. But he told the headmasters that his firm had found that the best way to form an efficient engineering staff was to take boys of about sixteen or seventeen who had had a good education and put them through their apprenticeship in the workshops and the drawing-office. According to his statement there is no special gain in taking boys who had spent two years longer at school. "In practice," he said, "we find that the boy of eighteen or nineteen has not acquired any special advantages by his two extra years at school, which enabled him to outstrip the boy who had started his business career earlier. The fact is that specialized education at school is of no practical value to us. There is ample time after a boy has started on his business career for him to acquire all the technical knowledge that his brain is capable of assimilating." He mentioned that,

in the case of promising young men, the firm often arranged for them to take a special scientific course at a University after they had passed through their training at the works. But he insisted that any attempt at special training in technical matters in the school course gave no useful result. What was really wanted in the schools, he said, was to teach the boy, "*how to learn and how to live.*" Speaking from experience he summed up his ideas in this remarkable passage:

What we want to assure ourselves of when we take a boy is that he has stability and moral strength of character. I submit that the true function of education is to teach him how to learn and how to live—not how to make a living, which is a very different thing. We are interested naturally to know if a boy has an aptitude for languages or mathematics, or a mechanical turn of mind. But it is immaterial to us, whether he has acquired this aptitude, say for languages, through learning Latin and Greek, or French and German. What is vital is that he should have a real understanding of the meaning of words and the framework of speech.

He expressed his regret that much of the tendency of modern education was in the direction of neglecting fundamental matters and paying too much attention to a showy superstructure. Too much heed was given to parents who thought only of something being taught that they imagined would soon give a money result. He regretted too that so often, as he put it, "a boy's religious life and his ordinary everyday life at school are in two separate water-tight compartments, and the code of honor that regulates his everyday life is derived not from religious teaching, but from the cricket-field and the football ground." He urged that there never was a time when true education was more needed than now, when we should soon have to face a tremendous problem the war was bringing in its train, for "a want of education, or worse still, a misguided education, lay at the root of most of our troubles."

He summed up his advice in the words, "Educate while you are educating, and let the boys have practical training afterwards." His last words were these:

Strong pressure is being brought to bear to commercialize our education, to make it a paying proposition, to make it subservient to the god of wealth, and thus to convert us into a money-making mob. On which side are the forces of education to be found, or are they still on the fence?

These words of a great organizer of skilled scientific labor, on a tremendous scale, are well worth noting. They are a new testimony from a non-Catholic to the soundness of the theory of education that directs our Catholic colleges and high schools throughout the world, to the correctness of the idea of education as a training "how to live and learn," based not upon mere specialized preparation for this or that kind of money-making, but upon religious education to form character, and studies directed to developing the boy's mind, giving him that "real understanding of words and the framework of speech," to which Mr. Hichens referred.

## The Unity of Consciousness

MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., M.A., LIT.D.

MODERN text-books of psychology are wont to discuss certain important questions under the heading, the unity of consciousness. Approximately the same topics were formerly dealt with under the problem of personal identity. The change of phrase is instructive. The old conception of psychology was the philosophy of the human mind. In the modern view, it is merely the positivist science of the phenomena of mental life, the natural history of our conscious states. Still in any scientific handling of the facts of consciousness, questions which inevitably carry us into metaphysics clamorously force themselves on the attention of the most ardently empirical psychologist and cannot be hushed. In the forefront of these is the problem of the unity of consciousness; and its satisfactory treatment is a crucial test of any theory of psychology which claims to be an adequate and coherent system of thought.

The phenomenon signified by this term is perhaps the most remarkable and the most important characteristic of the mental life of man. It is the fact that all our conscious states are bound into a singular unity. All our experiences whether of knowing, feeling, or willing, whether past, present, or anticipated in the future, are referred to a center, indivisible in itself, yet abiding through successive changes. We call it the *Ego*, or Self. It is this which gives cohesion, meaning, nay, being to all our experiences. Every act of memory involves this uniting bond which connects the past with the present. Every process of reasoning, presupposes this combining agent which retains the premises whilst it draws out the conclusion. And at every moment of our ordinary waking life the manifold sensations, images, thoughts, recollections, emotions and desires, which may be crowding in upon us, become intelligible and significant only as they are concentrated and coordinated in the grasp of this singular unifying agency.

Accordingly the most vital, the most persistent and insuppressable questions of psychology are: What is this unifying bond? What is its nature? How is it related to the manifold fluctuating states? The old answer, that of Aquinas and the medieval schoolmen, was, that this unifying bond is the self-conscious human soul! That the unity amid our manifold conscious states and the continuous identity throughout their successive changes are due to the fact that they are modifications of the same abiding, indivisible, spiritual principle, activities of a mind which is a real persisting being, distinct from them merely as a permanent subject from its transitory modes.

The answer offered by the psychologists who have rejected this account of the facts, presents itself in three stages of development. It was originally put forward by Hume. For him the apparent unity of the mind is a

"fiction" of the imagination brought about by the associative properties of our mental states. He teaches explicitly that the human mind in itself is really nothing more than "a bundle or collection of different perceptions which succeed each other with inconceivable rapidity and are in a perpetual flux and movement," and that "there is properly no simplicity in it at one time, nor identity in different." (*Treatise of Human Nature*, Part IV. Sect. 6.) This well-known statement was too crude even for so devoted a disciple as John Stuart Mill. So he substituted as more acceptable the proposition that "the mind is a series of feelings aware of itself as a series," admitting this expression however to be "paradoxical." It would have been more accurate to describe it as absurd and incredible.

The late Professor William James, who at all events possessed the merit of exceptional frankness, characterized Mill's imagined improvement on Hume as "the definite bankruptcy of the associationist description of the consciousness of Self." And most justly, for, if the mind were but a succession of evanescent states, self-consciousness, rational memory, reasoning and judgment would be impossible. Even in the most rapid judicial act there is required the indivisible unity of a real abiding agent, which apprehends first the subject, next the predicate, and then compares them. Still more clearly necessary is this persisting unity of the mind in a chain of reasoning, an act of recollection, and the self-conscious recognition of our own personal identity. A series of mental states is merely a succession, or procession of distinct events. But the conception or cognition of such a series is an indivisible act which is possible only to an indivisible agent, and could not be spread out over a multitude of successive states.

Although thus condemning the teaching of Hume and Mill as hopelessly inadequate, James thought that scientific psychology could still give a rational account of our mental life, whilst dispensing with the assumption of a mind or soul, as a permanent, indivisible, real being. According to his theory the self-conscious mind is not to be looked on as a series of states, but as a "stream" of consciousness. In this stream each "pulse of consciousness," that is, each cross-section of the stream, is to be conceived as apprehending the section immediately preceding with all it included, that section again similarly cognizes its immediate predecessor, and in this way each section knows everything contained in all preceding sections back to the very beginning of conscious life. "The passing thought is itself the thinker." "The I, or Self, is a thought at each moment different from the last moment, but *appropriate* of the latter, together with all the latter called its own." (*Principles of Psychology*, Vol. I, p. 401.)

Unhappily this theory is little, if at all superior to those which James himself so vehemently condemns. After all, instead of Hume's "bundle of different perceptions succeeding each other" and Mill's "series of



feelings" conscious of itself as a series, James merely substitutes a stream of "passing thoughts," with the proviso that each successive thought cognizes the entire contents of its immediate predecessor, and thereby all the previous stream. We have examined this theory at length elsewhere. (*"Psychology," Chap. XXII.*) We have space here only to indicate two fatal objections to it:

First: it conflicts with established fact. No human thought, no pulse of consciousness, no cross-section of the stream ever includes, contains, or knows all our past experience. Nay, even if we extravagantly extend the duration of this so-called "passing thought," so as to embrace all the acts of cognition exerted during an hour, a day or a month, never do we find all previous experience resumed, reproduced, or known in any intelligible sense by such a section of the stream of consciousness. To suppose, for instance, that a man's knowledge of algebra, or Greek, to which perhaps he has hardly adverted for twenty years, but part of which he might still be able to recall, to suppose that this knowledge was known or contained in any passing "thought" of the past week is incredible. The theory which is driven to

assume this is, in James's own words "definitely bankrupt."

Secondly: our conscious life is not a "stream." It is really no more continuous than daylight. It is broken about every sixteen hours by heterogeneous periods of sleep. The immediate predecessor of the first "thought" on awaking any morning, instead of being another similar "pulse of consciousness" including all our previous knowledge, is a blank of seven or eight hours. To connect rationally my experience of today with that of yesterday is for phenomenist psychology as recalcitrant and insoluble a problem as to explain my personal identity during the past forty years.

Here again the truth convincingly manifests itself that the more carefully we examine the various theories put forward by empiricisms and positivisms to account for that unity of consciousness which is the most essential characteristic of the mental life of man, the more inadequate and worthless they are all found to be, and the more inexorably are we driven to accept the old Scholastic doctrine of the soul as the only satisfactory solution of the question.

## An Unpublished Interview with Benson

LOUIS H. WETMORE

**W**HEN Robert Hugh Benson was last in New York he had made up his mind to return to America at the earliest possible moment. At least so he told me on Easter morning, April, 1914. Apparently he contemplated merely a hurried trip to England, a mass of sermons thrown into a few weeks' hurried work, a period of "calm" (can anyone imagine Robert Hugh Benson calm?) at Hare Street House, and then the first possible steamer back to our shores. "To preach here again?" I asked. "No—to shoot! I'm coming back in the autumn to shoot in Newfoundland." I confess to a shock. I had not associated Monsignor Benson with a shotgun or rifle or what not, before. I had no idea at that time that he knew how to shoot: from Father Martindale's biography one learns that it was a predominant passion in his life. At the moment of the emphatic declaration I looked at him in astonishment. Shoot! That was odd: I could not place this small, nervous, quite erratic individual, not merely minus a cassock (very ragged, with the red fringes almost worn off), but in some sort of tweeds, stalking—well, whatever one does stalk in Newfoundland. Smoking cigarette after cigarette, hunched up in an armchair, pale, almost consumptive-looking in the illness that had even then laid its grip upon him, he did not appear a typical "sportsman."

"I love (great emphasis on this word, as always) I love shooting!"

"Do you?" I queried, still too much amazed to contribute any other remark to the conversation.

I had made an engagement with him to "interview" him. He was apparently bored dreadfully at the idea of an "interview." He had been hounded a bit by reporters on this and on a previous visit to America, and the first excitement of being face to face with a real American reporter had given way to a mild dread at the apparently necessary disturbance to his work. Still, it meant publicity, this interview; and that was always desirable. It might sell some more copies of his books: and that would mean an addition of some kind to Hare Street House, the little half-way house to Heaven.

This "interview" was never published apparently. I can only discover two reasons, either of which may seem an explanation. My own laziness, which would explain everything, or else a distinct lack of material. The notes for this interview have turned up, as such things will turn up, in a mass of old papers being sorted out in a spasm of orderliness. The notes are at this time almost indecipherable, and at that time even, must have been minute in quantity. Apparently I elicited very little information, which, with a person of energy and great loquacity to question, I cannot entirely understand.

I gather from these scribbles that I asked "Monsignor" why he ever wrote books. This sounds uncomplimentary, with a suggestion that they weren't good enough to bear printing. But the question meant what

started him on his literary career? He informed me that he never started writing because he liked writing, he really didn't like writing at all, but he saw the possibility of the novel as a means of propaganda. One could *get hold* of people by a novel in a way that a scholarly historical work would utterly fail to do. He thought the novel ought to be used more by Catholics for propaganda purposes. Hang (to a certain extent anyway) art for art's sake! Of course one must write as well as possible—this was thrown off as a concession to the artistically-minded—but the point of the thing was to drive Catholic ideas plumb through Protestant prejudice by way of fiction.

What else was said on the subject of his own writing is not legible. But the little that was said is illuminating as to Benson's view of his own work. He had an intense interest in the mechanism of fiction, and confessed that he read to see "how the thing was done," how this or that author got his effects. His own contributions to literary criticism were not particularly happy in their expression, and his sole lecture on literary subjects—one which he delivered at the Hotel Astor in New York and elsewhere in America, for all I know—hardly touched the depths of modern works of fiction, but was merely a gay skimming over of this or that predominant feature in the works of the authors he considered. He lacked balance in literary criticism, as in many other things—one may as well state this truth boldly. He was too imaginative to be able to "place" writers in their proper niche. Here my notes give me an amusing instance of this.

We were talking, it seems, of the "Celtic Renaissance" as the Neo-Celtic literary movement in Ireland boldly terms itself. I asked him his opinion of the movement, who was the principal figure in it. He replied in general terms that he thought the whole affair was a good deal of a fraud. (Perhaps I exaggerate his expression here). He said that the movement failed because it was mostly pagan or Protestant in its expression. Therefore it did not express the soul of Ireland at all. This is sane and illuminating. But the next instant my query as to whether there were really any good writers connected with the "renaissance" brought forth the reply: "Only one, I think—"

I purposely leave the space blank. I would not publicly overwhelm the modest gentleman to whom Benson referred by having him thus cavalierly ranked above Æ., Edward Martyn, etc. Such over-praise in public is too embarrassing. The writer to whom Father Benson referred is an excellent artist in words, the author of one interesting book of recollections, and several small volumes of verse. But it would hardly be doing justice to even Benson's powers of literary criticism to have him ranked in cold print above all the band of men and women who have given to modern Irish literature an imperishable name. So in the case of all the writers I mentioned. Shaw in Benson's opinion is a fakir pure

and simple. Practically all modern English novelists were scoffed at; apparently there is not a genuine artist among them. Wells alone came in for a bit of praise. G. K. Chesterton and Belloc are, however, among the essayists who received attention. The former is touched by the wings of genius, the latter is hailed as one of the most important men in England. Chesterton is a man of genius. Belloc is a man of great talent: though in the end Belloc will prove the greater of the two. Belloc made another appearance later on during the interview, when on being asked what he thought about conditions in France, Benson said that a great Catholic revival was undoubtedly taking place there, and then modestly confessed that he really knew nothing about it. "I depend on Belloc entirely for my information about France: he knows all about it: he is half French, you know," I have written down.

At the mention of eugenics Father Benson snorted emphatically and then waved it aside with a flourish of his hand, dropping his cigarette as he did so and immediately lighting another. "There is not a first-class man in England who believes in eugenics. Dr. Saleeby, for instance, is purely second-rate." Dogmatic as usual, I note here.

Socialism was mocked, it produces merely servile conditions among the laboring classes. "Why won't people see that Leo XIII was right, and that religion—and by that I mean the Catholic religion—alone will solve social problems?" Then he pointed out to me, emphasizing his remarks with jabs now with a cigarette, now with a forefinger, that until the Reformation there were no poor laws in England. The first one came in under Elizabeth. The monasteries took care of the few poor there were in the medieval era. The destruction of the monasteries meant the real beginning of the unhappiness of the poor. Protestantism and poverty were linked rather closely together.

I then asked him if he had ever used any of his friends as characters in his books. He emphatically stated "No!" Apparently he was quite sincere in this denial, yet faced as we are with the slight scandal caused in England by some of Benson's caricatures of his friends in his novels, it is amazing that he should have so emphatically refused to admit the accusation. One has only to think of the violent row in which Benson himself was involved, over his vivid description of "Algy" in "The Sentimentalists," to realize that the emphatic "No!" was, to say the least, hardly very close to the truth.

And then Lourdes! Lourdes and the possibility of some day finding a ghost in Hare Street House, were, apparently, his two chief interests and excitements in life. After he had exhausted himself on the subject of Lourdes, I find that I contributed more or less intelligent remarks to the conversation. I related the story told me by Mrs. Alexis Carrel, how a baby blind from birth received its sight in her very arms at Benediction.



He was enthusiastic over this. Then I related what Dr. Carrel told me about his view of the miracles, and the impossibility of explaining them on "scientific" grounds. This interested him profoundly. So much did it interest him that he made a special point of meeting the great scientist to ask him personally about this matter, and it may interest readers to know that it is Dr. Carrel whom Benson quotes anonymously as the "prominent scientist" in the preface to his own volume on Lourdes.

Space forbids more, as well as the unintelligibility of my notes. I left him regretfully as the gong sounded for lunch: it was the last time I was ever to see Robert Hugh Benson. Six months later he was dead; and the only relics I have of his last conversation are these badly and rapidly written notes and a letter saying, "Alas! I have no photograph of myself [to illustrate the interview]. But is the enclosed of any use?"

Apparently the "enclosed" was forgotten: for there was no enclosure. The note is signed, in that oddly scrawling handwriting, "Yours faithfully, R. Hugh Benson."

## Diagnosing the Drama

JOHN B. KENNEDY, B.A.

THE day is approaching when it may be necessary for every good and faithful American playgoer to take his respirator to the theater so that when the breath-taking moments occur, according to advertised schedule, they need not inflict undue physical discomfort. It seems that a careless critic, who spent a week-end in a remote suburb, hazarded the prophecy that melodrama was waning and that within a specified time Shakespeare would share the stage with one or two other authors who wrote for something else besides two per cent of the gross receipts. Then this critic returned to town and regretted his boldness.

Far from waning, melodrama, to use a peculiarly melodramatic term, is whooping. The very popular type, wherein each male character carries a watch in one vestpocket and a revolver in the other, has its representative in "Cheating Cheaters." Then "The Yellow Jacket," "Shirley Kaye" and "The Man Who Came Back" play around very tough-fibered themes, the first-named piece with more originality than the others. But in "The Thirteenth Chair," melodrama as defined nowadays, must undergo a little revision; technically, for the better.

It is really surprising that the theatrical magnates, who appear to be almost cynically sure of popular childishness, have not exploited the eerie and the weird to any great extent. Most of the pictures of childhood and adolescence,—huge villains, splendid heroes, rampant beauty and whirligig morality have been stippled and stained and tugged and twisted until the canvas is threadbare; but the fear that goes hand-in-hand with a wrong understanding or presumption of the supernatural has seldom been dramatized, and hardly ever with financial success.

In Europe they have always had the shivery school of dramatics, and excellent entertainments, too, many of them. Many a callow youth from Eton, proud of his little bits of materialistic degeneracy, has sat with his shaven jacket in the old Egyptian Hall of London, heard the violin play creepy music in the otherwise empty cabinet, seen the occult trick of the chalk and blackboard, and then been heartily glad to get out into the light of Oxford Circus, or even return to the effete practice of bedtime prayer.

There is no permanent institution of that sort open to the general public in America. A loss in a way, for the genial trickery has at least an inferential spiritual value. Mr. Veiller's "The Thirteenth Chair" demonstrates that the field can accommodate clever work upon a supernatural theme. It would be rash to give any current production, particularly a success, complete approval, for there seems to be an axiom among modern dramatists, that a play cannot be artistically correct unless it contains something morally blasé or impertinent. Yet "The Thirteenth Chair," with its modified exposé of the spiritistic trade, is a higher type of melodrama than its authors may have intended to make it. The glorified "punch" is there, and the crises and climax are refreshingly free from "Gees," "Great Scots," "By Heavens," and traditionally stronger aids to the verbal excitement. It is more difficult to heave a bosom than an epithet, so dramatizers of deep emotions should not be at a loss to select the expressional vehicle technically the best for their moment.

Shakespeare is not forgotten in the whirl of melodrama and lighter things. He is represented by "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; and it is a flippant fact that the wives, just now, are far merrier than Windsor. Shaw's "Getting Married" was produced rather opportunely for the Van Nesses and Vere de Courtneyfoots who attend birth-control frolics and throw up their enameled thumbs at police-court hearings. Not that "Getting Married" advocates the latest malodorous fad, for even that fancy-free "unmoralist," Bernard Shaw, has so far refrained from dramatizing the gross Biblical sin. But in "Getting Married" there is the germ for much superficially smart thought "on not getting parented," and that germ is very well received by honeyed highbrows and second-Tuesday yodelers.

In "Seremonda" an attempt has been made to revive the robber baron at his sentimental worst. It ends with a gruesome epicureanism, the hero's heart being served as the *pièce de résistance* at a family dinner during which the inventive nobleman enjoys some irony at the expense of his erring wife. Of course the nobleman is made bad enough to palliate his wife's error. But no modern dramatist can be led to regard marital infidelity as error, so "Seremonda" is most briefly dismissed as a statuesque caricature of the Middle Ages. It has well been termed "a dismal tragedy of illicit love."

The theatrical season can boast of something distinctive in "Old Lady 31" and "A Kiss for Cinderella." The former play is a challenge to the ultra-modern masters of efficiency who would have the world believe that anybody over fifty is entitled to a State pension and peace and quiet, or, at least, not entitled to a place on a progressive pay-roll. In James M. Barrie's play the fairy-tale quality prevails serenely over such martial uglinesses as spy mania and pat patriotism. No writer since the immortal Lewis Carroll has so clearly realized and secured the everlasting bond between man's seven ages,—the day dream. In "The Admirable Crichton" Mr. Barrie rescued the English butler from diphthongic scorn by making him assert his heroic qualities when his master's family became stranded on a desert isle. In "Peter Pan" and "What Every Woman Knows" he presented the fairy tales of the precocious boy and the conceited half-genius. His latest play imparts the strangely unastounding truth that although a London slavey is physically superior to Venus de Milo only in the matter of feet, yet spiritually she is far more serene and simple than the myriad societies for this and that would have her be if their propaganda succeeded. A play by Barrie adds tone to any theatrical season. Those who regard the American drama with fond hope, and perhaps expend a little prayer upon it, must feel a pang, on leaving a Barrie performance, that America has to import sterling dramatic charm. When our orgy of cleverness is ended better tidings will be told.

Apart from the sensations manufactured in press bureaus, there have been no great events so far in the dramatic season.

The country continues to lack a great acted, native dramatic piece. No doubt America will, in time, be consoled for this lack by such an admirable film production as "The Birth of a Nation." In fact, the dramatic destiny of the country seems to be linked with the cinematograph; some might say, chained to it. In baffling array the gorgeous picture "miracles" are drawn from directors' sleeves. But few are anything else but gorgeous. The only film of any historic value since Mr. Griffith's last production is "Joan the Woman," which might have been more fittingly called by the saint's proper name, unless copyright interfered and would have been a better play had her true story been closely followed. Mr. Chaplin and his geometric feet on the one hand, and the colossally foolish "serials" on the other, continue to load the seats at the screen-palaces; and will, no doubt, until a better-brained generation asserts itself. And that is something to be prayed for rather than assumed.

The welter of jingly symphonies and commercialized loveliness is more formidable than ever because it is the direct offspring of feverish prosperity. But beneath the effervescent surface of quack gaiety and spectacular hilarity a sour sediment is forming. The managers will some day have to take the tired taste out of the public mouth. Comedy like "Come Out of the Kitchen," and farce like "Nothing But the Truth" might do it, and the thrilling, depilatory melodrama is, of course, a reliable restorative. But a wise manager will some day discover that longevity is achieved by regular deep breathing, not by gasps. Then the trite phrase "music and the drama" will at least be half the truth.

### COMMUNICATIONS

*Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words.*

#### Father Schoener's Rose Garden

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The plan outlined by A. L. in a recent communication in AMERICA, in which it was suggested that an association be formed of a thousand members, each of whom would contribute five dollars annually to a fund called Father Schoener's Rose Garden is excellent. I should be happy to give ten dollars to the fund. The difficulty is to get people interested and keep the scheme before their minds. Certainly it is a pity that a good work of this kind should be allowed to languish merely for lack of a little money.

San Francisco.

M. E. R.

#### The "Dublin Review"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In answer to a kind reference by "T. F. M." in your columns, it is true that the proprietors of the *Dublin Review* have admitted me to the sphere of editorship. In which case some word is due to individuals or institutions beginning to doubt the wisdom of their investment.

The name of the late editor was one which carried with it the prestige of the whole Oxford Movement and Catholic Revival, over which Cardinal Wiseman planted the *Dublin Review* as an intellectual guide and as his literary gonfalon. The elder Mr. Ward carried the *Dublin* as a fighting force through the period of ecclesiastical history we may call the Ultramontane period. Mr. Wilfrid Ward was equally distinguished in breasting the recent era of Modernism without diminution of intellect or of faith.

It is obvious that the Church is now approaching a new and totally different period. She has taken to herself her Ultramontane crown, shedding all the exaggerations which some thinkers would have thrust upon her. Modernism she has pierced, admitting exactly as much as she wished her philosophy to keep in view, freely though not frantically rejecting all else.

Modernism perished, but no one can doubt that the Church was the better for the crisis. During this period Mr. Wilfrid

Ward was the critical interpreter of both the old and new school. He showed that it was possible for a thinker to write during those days without hiding his intellect under the proverbial bushel.

A new period seems to be facing the ever-welcoming yet ever-wary Mother, the Church; a period engendered by the catastrophe which has befallen the blinded members of Christendom. Perhaps we may begin to think of it as the "international period," a period in which the Church, finding herself in some ways a survivor from the previous state of affairs, must become more than ever the means to enable the sadder and wiser nations to see each other more truly, whether Catholic or Protestant. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the Holy See is now seeking not only peace between belligerents but the accommodation of outstanding differences of her own. The East is being approached by the West. There seems some chance that the Russian will find a Catholic cathedral in Constantinople with the Greek Uniate Rite in possession. Diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See seem to be cemented, and France is likely to follow the example. Since 1870 the world has pretended it could get on very well without granting an official existence to the Holy See. A world now become slightly anxious as to its own prospect of existence holds out its hands to the one unloosened stake with which Providence seems to have pegged down the centuries.

Of the three great international modes of human cooperation—the Catholic Church, Freemasonry and Socialism—only the Church has survived as a serious factor of mutual approach or distant sympathy. Human diplomacy has become too contemptible to mention. Machiavelli, the patron-saint of all European chancelleries, lies shrouded at last. The Church cherishes the promise of a more generous and less false ideal of brotherhood among nations—an internationalism of her own.

The greatest work the *Dublin Review* can set itself to achieve even in a humble and limited way must be to follow the tendency of the Church to bind the world in closer knowledge and sympathy and enable one side of the world—the English-speaking Catholic side—to meet on a level that is above politics and outside local or ephemeral controversy. Catholics in America and in the British Isles have remained cheerfully and contentedly ignorant of each other. Yet such matters as the language question in Canada, the religious question in Mexico, and the occasional but epoch-making events that mark the strides of the Church in the United States deserve exposition and comment throughout the English-speaking following of the Holy See. The *Dublin Review* could become in a sense an international organ. Its name need not be any deterrent to such a venture, for it is surnamed from the capital of a country which has practically supplied the hierarchies of the English-speaking world.

The form and tone of a quarterly invite contributions of a type that is not made out of date by delays of distance yet is sufficiently mellowed by that passage of mensal time, which is not permitted to the weekly or monthly, brilliant as they can be. There is no reason why the best Catholic writers from America, Australia or the British Isles should not continuously bring the fruit of their observation or research into one and the same review. The object of retaining a solid and expensive quarterly in the service of the Church like the *Dublin Review* is to enable immediate questions of philosophy, history, literature, and on a high level, of politics even, to be dealt with at comparative leisure by authoritative writers. Should a Catholic question of importance arise, the outsider should know, as well as the regular reader, where to turn for summary and elucidation. American questions should be treated for the benefit of European readers as regularly as the reverse. Hitherto American writers have seldom found their way into the *Dublin*, but it is felt that the late editor's tour through America must have prepared a foundation upon which to build. The Catholic institutions in America



are not without writers of the quarterly caliber. For the time it has been arranged that small committees should carry on the selection of articles on both sides of the Atlantic. It is felt that their judgment and experience will prove of greater value to the Church in the new period which is before her than the taste and tendency of one single individual, however good these might be.

New York.

SHANE LESLIE.

### The Return to Medievalism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"The Return to Medievalism" is certainly a phenomenon of the twentieth century, as Mr. Cecil Chesterton has ably pointed out. But that it is an unconscious reversion, fathered by men who know little of that glorious period of the history of civilization, cannot be accepted as a general proposition. Mr. Chesterton probably does not wish to convey that impression. On the contrary it may be set down as a fact that the artistry, to take but a single example, of the Middle Ages, as such, makes a conscious, recognized and oftentimes an irresistible appeal to sincere students of art.

Mr. Ralph A. Cram, head of the Department of Architecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the greatest living authorities on the Gothic type of architecture, spoke in Pittsburgh a few days ago. His address was delivered in Carnegie Institute, in the Hall of Architecture, and during it he stood on the steps of a reproduction of the portals of St. Giles, in France. Earnestly advocating a return to the artistic potency of the Middle Ages, which he termed the greatest epoch of Christian civilization, he declared that "radical schools of modern art" often deceive persons into the belief that art had been born again, and that this deception was made possible by the personal, "idiosyncratic" art of a number of geniuses. This view he combated, severely criticizing such schools as "mouthings of anarchy, the pathological products of a spiritual degeneration," now in its last stage of dissolution. He claimed that these schools are contemporaneous with the breakdown of modern civilization.

Mr. Cram is not a Catholic, but that fact did not deter him from pointing to the period embraced by the eleventh and the fourteenth centuries as "the most wholesomely organized, sanely balanced and spiritually stimulating in the history of Christian Europe." In his opinion the model for all time of organic Gothic architecture is to be found in the achievements of the Ages of Faith; the modern period he characterized as a "period of degeneration" caused by the anarchy of the Reformation and the centuries of war ensuing therefrom in distracted and unhappy Europe.

Pittsburgh.

T. J. FLAHERTY.

### The Right to Labor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article, "Is the Right to Labor Property?" in AMERICA for January 27, is a most puzzling paper. With all respect I must say that I cannot agree with the argument. Let me try to explain. The occasion for the article was a decision handed down by a court of law to the effect "that the right to labor is property." So we are concerned with *legal* rights. Father Woods says: "What is property? It is some material thing of which one has the dominion to the exclusion of others. Hence a right cannot be property."

This is contrary to what I have always believed. In law "property" is any right or interest in a physical thing capable of being owned, which thing itself is also known as property. In other words, "property" may be corporeal, as a tract of land; or it may be incorporeal, as a right of way over that land. Even

incorporeal *hereditaments* are familiar things to most students of property. On the other hand personal rights are such as, in the light of reason, belong to man as man, and not in relation to any physical thing. Some personal rights are inalienable, as freedom of worship; some are forfeitable, as personal liberty and life; and some are restricted by law, as pursuit of happiness. Governments cannot interfere with any personal right, unless there is adequate compensation with respect of the welfare of society. Otherwise slavery would be the result.

Now, what is meant by "the right to labor?" God has put a sentence upon man that in the sweat of his brow he shall earn his bread. But this sentence is couched only in general terms. He must labor and sweat, but he still has the choice of the labor he prefers. Most often circumstances and conditions negative entirely his right of choice; nevertheless his right exists. Choice of work is a personal right inherent in man as a man. Of course this includes women who have to work. The expression "the right to labor" is without meaning, it is an inaccurate term for something entirely different. (1) Man must labor. Even Adam before his fall was given work to do. This is the dignity of labor. (2) Man must labor to earn his bread. This is the necessity of labor. (3) Every man has a right to his own labor. This marks the progression in law from status to contract. The *slave* had a definite status, whereas the freeman had the right of contract. This right to one's own labor cannot be disposed of without a reversion to slavery. (4) Every man has a right to choose his own work; with this restriction, however, that he must have due respect for the rights of his fellow men.

It is also quite inaccurate to say, when one man works for another, that the first man *sells his labor*. He does nothing of the kind. Labor is not a commodity; it cannot be sold. What the workman does in fact is to contract to do certain pieces of work. In each case the *job* is subject to a different measurement,—piece work, hourly work, or mileage. In other words the worker is paid by piece, time, or distance. A contract for "services," standing alone cannot be enforced, because the term "services" is too indefinite. The contract must be for specific work. If a man contracts to do carpenter work, he cannot, under his contract, be made to do machine work. Even an ordinary laborer knows just what kind of a job he is contracting for; and so do the labor unions, for they will not permit an employer to call a man a laborer, pay him laborer's wages and at the same time put him on skilled work. Therefore, while a workman cannot *sell his labor*, he can contract to do certain jobs for other men, and both he and his employer are bound accordingly. The worker's right is neither a *personal* nor a *property* right; it is a *relative* right *ex contractu*, a *posteriori*. The correct term for the worker's right to choose his work is freedom of contract. For the exercise of this right, it is necessary that the worker be on equal terms with the employer. As a consequence we have labor unions and collective bargaining.

Now, to consider the all important question, is the personal right of freedom of contract such a right that it cannot be restricted even by the workman himself? If so, unionism is all wrong. As a matter of personal right, a man may contract to abstain from a certain kind of business; and the courts will uphold the contract. But the contract must be reasonable; it cannot restrain a retail grocer who has sold out his good-will on Third Avenue in New York City, from entering the grocery business in Buffalo, nor can it so tie him up that he cannot make a living for himself. So also, a workman may limit his personal right of freedom of contract to a reasonable extent. He cannot contract not to work at all, nor to bind himself not to work at his trade in such a way as would make him and his family public charges.

New York.

ROBERT E. SHORTALL.

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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### "The Defendant Stands Convicted"

THE words quoted were spoken by a New York judge in confirmation of a verdict passed by a lower court, on a birth-controller who had been particularly active in her nauseous campaign. As usual the culprit was a reformer, a professional uplifter who for many weary weeks, had been brawling against laws and courts and other necessary adjuncts of civilization, all in the interest of unhappy women who are obliged to submit to the indignity of sacred motherhood. Like all creatures of her class, male and female, she shouted from the house-top and clamored in the highway, professing a readiness to die in order to teach the poor how to be as immoral as the rich. As always happens in such cases harpies flocked to her from fashionable districts where the typical family consists of "milady," a mere man who acts as a "meal-ticket" to the women of the house, two Airedale terriers, two bags of golf-sticks, and an automobile. Then the clamor usual in places where a dozen women gather in the interest of Satan and drug shops, began. This dame pronounced the birth-controller one of God's noblewomen, that dame called her a martyr, a third proclaimed her the apostle of her sex, whatever that means. And strange to say not a single one of the group discovered that the propagandist was making money rapidly.

It remained for the vulgar judge to find out that the reformer's zeal was cold to the click of a cent, but hot at the drop of a dollar. And cruel obscurantist that he is, he made it a matter of record that articles worth fifty cents fetched two dollars, while "a regular fee was charged to each visitor, and the visitors numbered one

hundred or more a day." Of course nobody thinks that the reformer realized she was making money. Not for the world would she degrade herself by commercializing vice; but somehow or other, by fortuitous circumstances, the gold fell round about her, a sign of the righteousness of her cause. However, another of New York's reformers crossed the river to the penitentiary. But their brood on Manhattan Island is large. Who is next?

### "Ecclesia Militans"

THE spectacle of four burly policemen in full uniform, sitting sedately and majestically in the front pew of a church, while two rival and reverend clergymen endeavored to talk and sing each other down from opposite sides of the rostrum, may sound very much like a description of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera, yet according to the Los Angeles Times, the sight was recently witnessed in the South Park Christian Church, in that city.

It appears that the clergyman *de jure* was charged by the congregation with heresy, a heresy within a heresy, so to speak, and, after the manner of a Mexican politician, refused to give place to the clergyman *de facto*. Whereat the contending clerics expounded the gospel of their own particular conventicle from various angles, so to speak, and, in ecclesiastical phraseology, *coram populo*. When *de jure* announced a hymn, *de facto* announced another, and the divided congregation sang both at the same time. Then *de jure* got up to preach, and *de facto* did the same. Finally *de facto* prevailed, and *de jure* threw up the sponge; he sat down, literally talked out. However, recovering his second wind, he rose to his feet, called another hymn, and scored a point over his opponent who found himself compelled to bring his sermon to a close. So *de jure* continued the bombardment of hymns, and by the time his adherents had sung a dozen straight, the honors of the day were his, and the congregation dispersed with the holy man's blessing.

At the evening service the same tactics were observed: *de jure* stole a march on his opponent, and got to the firing-line first, and opened the engagement with another bombardment of hymnology. "Be of good cheer," he assured his faction, "there are only thirteen more hymns in the book." So the doughty patriots stuck to their guns, and sang on to the bitter end. And, says the Los Angeles Times, with its tongue in its cheek, the four policemen sat quiet and still through both performances.

History does not relate what was the end of this Tweedledum and Tweedledee parody of Divine worship; but the fact that the stern arm of the law was not invoked seems to imply that the audience was in a truly sporting mood, and did nothing that would interfere with the quality of entertainment offered. Only once, says our contemporary, did the officers have to make their presence known, and that was when the younger generation in the audience found the proceedings too interesting for private enjoyment, and following the Scriptural admoni-



tion, rejoiced with them that did rejoice, until their joy was turned into lamentation, and the voice of thanksgiving was rudely checked by the commands of the policemen *diakonoi*.

The sorrowful ending of so perfect a day was that the contending factions went to court, and there, in the presence of the judge, *de jure* was declared a heretic and unworthy to hold any longer the pastorate of his church. But the judge was a good neutral, and refused to give a decision to either party. Meanwhile the partly evicted clergyman, suiting his language to these belligerent times, says: "It is time to speak plainly for the Lord of Hosts. . . . to seal in and forward the true saints and to turn Jehovah's great siege-guns of truth and power on the decaying walls of Babylon." For a Christian clergyman this is a decidedly uncomplimentary remark to make against the pillars of the church. Decaying walls, and that too after his faction had rounded out a good baker's dozen of pious ditties to the end that his enemies might be confounded and put to confusion! Thus is God glorified.

#### The Little American

**L**ITTLE Americans are of two distinct kinds. Some think that America is a little country; that is, they think that the part of America known to them is everything. Others again think that America is so big that there is no world left besides, except a fringe inhabited by inferior people, mostly Latins and dark ones. Both of these sets of little Americans are afflicted with the same disease, insularity; only it affects them differently. Both think the United States is an island. The former class think it is a small island, so small that they can know all about it, its boundaries, its resources, its needs, its inhabitants with their limitations and capacities, their problems and the solution of the same. Just how big an island depends on the extent of their trolley travels and their newspaper reading. The latter class are living in the Homeric age. For them, America is a big comfortable world surrounded by the endless stream of Ocean, beyond which there is nothing that counts for much. The day for both these classes has gone by. The day for imagining that the problems and solutions of a particular city or county or State or section, are those of the whole Union, never was in the memory of living men, and certainly never will be. The day for imagining that America can stand entirely alone in the world self-poised, self-centered and self-conceited is also past; how long past, we need not here discuss. Past it certainly is and gone like the day of the flint-lock and the cocked hat.

Catholics can, of all Americans, least afford to be small. Catholicity and narrowness are mutually exclusive terms. The Saints understood this, not only the apostolic ones, the missionaries and such, but even those remotest from such a vocation. If they prayed in secret

and lived and died within walls, their thoughts, their prayers, their letters and their influence on others were spacious and often world-wide. St. John Berchmans said he ought to have a heart big enough to hold "half the world" and he probably expressed less than he felt. Blessed Anna of Quito arrayed herself in the garb of a traveler, before the Holy Spirit made it plain to her that she was to sanctify herself within the patio of her own house. St. Alphonsus Rodriguez never left his porter's lodge, but he sent St. Peter Claver to become the Apostle of the negroes in South America.

Of all Catholics, the American Catholic is least excusable in being narrow. He dwells in a spacious land. His Catholic fellow-citizens are drawn from all Christendom. They speak a Pentecostal multitude of tongues. They are "devout men from every nation under heaven." They have brought (and planted and nourished) the choice seed of Catholic devotions and arts and institutions and organizations from lands where the Faith flourishes under protection or thrives under persecution. They have settled and intermarried among children of the same great Mother, though oftentimes these speak a different tongue or are drawn from another race than their own.

To such a body of citizens, more than to any other, the country can justly look for an influence which can effectively save her from the evils of insularity. From them she can expect to draw the men and women who can understand, who can sympathize, who can adjust difficulties, who can enlarge her policy in the days to come.

#### Cats, Church Property and Birth-Control

**T**HESE are troublous days; there are wars and rumors of wars, and the legislature of New York is disturbed over cats, church property and birth-control. Apparently the crack of doom is not far distant; in this there is hope that the problems which are ruffling the souls of our Solons will be solved by extinction. In the meantime, however, pity goes out to the sorely tried legislators; their work is wearisome, their stipend small. Imagine an unfortunate man trying to raise an American family of two on a Senator's wage, and at the same time struggling with the difficulties that arise from the 2,000,000 tabbies that infest the Commonwealth, making night hideous at the most inopportune moment. Is it any wonder that hereafter every cat, aristocratic or otherwise, must either die the death of a felon or wear a tag worth eighty-five cents?

Poor felines! If some "Bide-a-Wee" promoter had but known of that fateful bill she might have made bold to tell stern legislators that in days to come, they would welcome tabbies as companions for lonely wives. For Abner Greenberg, bless his noble soul, is fathering a bill to legalize birth-control. Cats must be tagged; eighty-five cents will purchase their existence; not even

a mother's love will purchase the existence of a child. The State may well be proud of its officials' ethics.

Then too there is Abraham Korn, a worthy man with the idea that all church property should be taxed. The reason is contained in these words: "I know of a \$1,500,000 building in New York which is used for just one purpose, to have a devil of a good time in."

Silence is in order. This logic is too overpowering for words. The devil has made his way into a fraternity house, an easy task; hence churches, the very pillars of the State, foundling asylums which save the State \$1,000,000 a year, orphanages which turn waifs into citizens, cancer hospitals which protect those whom the State neglected, and homes for the aged which shelter broken citizens, must pay the piper. The devil dances, the saints weep, and all according to the card prepared in Albany. If those Solons but had a sense of humor they would not have prepared a program that resembles a syllabus of lectures in an American university: cats, church property and birth-control.

#### Is "What's Printed True?"

MORALISTS are fond of descanting on the marvelous power the printed word has of carrying conviction. Strange to say, the very man who is quite capable of giving another's spoken word its real value, and who subjects to a careful scrutiny assertions made in written letters whose authors he knows, will accept without hesitation the wildest statements made in the daily papers by unknown and irresponsible people. Such men seem to be lineal descendants of the Shepherdess Mopsa in "The Winter's Tale" who solemnly assured the wily Autolycus: "I love a ballad in print, a-life, for then we are sure they are true." Most attempts to explain, however, why the written word is so widely and readily believed are not very illuminating. Is it because we are loath to think that men will give a deliberate lie such fatal vitality? Or is the childish credulity we display regarding printed "news" of all kinds due to the influence on the imagination of the power behind the anonymous "press"? Whatever the explanation of the phenomenon, that mental state which makes men easily believe written assertions which they would scornfully reject if spoken, is a remarkably interesting one, and to a great extent is no doubt the cause of sensational journalism's success, for experience proves that a printed lie often has the longevity of King Rameses' sacred cat.

While unprincipled editors make capital of this well-known infirmity of newspaper readers, the innocent humorist is seriously handicapped by it. For in every community the number of those who are constitutionally incapable of enjoying a merry jest, unless it is carefully explained and expounded with the aid of notes and diagrams, is surprisingly large. Every wit from Aristophanes to Leacock has doubtless suffered persecution at the hands of obtuse readers who are firmly convinced

that "what's printed is true." Charles Lamb speaks feelingly of the cruel misconstructions put upon his quips and quirks by dour Scots, and many a gentle satirist of today is forced to devote considerable time to assuring shocked or perplexed correspondents that he never meant to be taken so seriously. They also were too ready to believe that "what's printed is true."

#### Enlightening the Latins

PROFESSOR Harlan P. Beach's recent book, "Renaissant Latin America" which is a participant's enthusiastic account of the proceedings of the late Pan-Protestant Panama Congress, gives considerable space to the discussion of the best ways of bringing the Gospel light to benighted South Americans. The besetting sin of our Latin neighbors seems to be "medieval obscurantism" and the remedies for that evil are of course the "open Bible" and "democracy in ecclesiastical government." How shall these specifics be applied? Nothing could be simpler. "Speaking the truth in love" will win over to Protestantism the submerged Romanists of our sister Republics. "If to people accustomed to a united Church we can show a faith which through all its diversity has attained a higher unity of love, yet still maintaining liberty of thought, Evangelicals will speak to sympathetic ears and will find the way to open minds and hearts."

If the busybodies who feel such concern about the spiritual welfare of Latin-American Catholics are in earnest about their resolution of "speaking the truth in love," they will not fail to mention that in the United States the Bible is now so lamentably "open" that well-known Protestant ministers are feverishly occupied in robbing the book of its sacred character; they will also tell the Latins that so few Americans really believe in the Bible that nearly 60,000,000 of them are unbaptized. "Speaking the truth in love," our zealous Panama delegates will also be sure to inform the South Americans that private judgment and "democracy in ecclesiastical government" have resulted in the formation of about 150 distinct sects in this country, which are not strikingly conspicuous for having attained even the "higher unity of love" that is considered so far superior to South America's unity of faith. Then while our Evangelists are "speaking the truth in love" they will not fail to recall to the women of the Latin Republics the tribute paid by M. Georges Clemenceau, France's anti-Catholic ex-Premier:

The family tie appears to be stronger than, perhaps, in any other land. . . . The rich . . . take pleasure in having large families. . . . The greatest affection prevails and the greatest devotion to the parent roof-tree. . . . The women . . . enjoy a reputation, that seems well justified, of being extremely virtuous. In their rôle of faithful guardians of the hearth, they have been able to silence calumny and inspire universal respect by the purity and dignity of their life.

Finally before the amiable passion for "speaking the



truth in love" has at all abated let these missionaries contrast with the foregoing richly merited encomium the morality of Protestant America's home life. Let them tell the noble women of South America, for instance, that in 1906 we had in the United States one divorce for every twelve marriages, that we stand next to Japan in legalized domestic immorality, that more than 110,000 divorces were granted in 1914, and that during 1915 some 40,000 "orphans" were created in America by success-

ful divorce proceedings. In concluding their exercise in "speaking the truth in love" the proselyters might dwell for a few moments on the progress of the race-suicide and birth-control movements in this country and then quote a few statistics about the fall of the birth-rate among our most Evangelical Protestants. Thus enlightened, those blind Latin-American Romanists would still cling perversely, no doubt, to their "medieval obscurantism."

## Literature

### IN PRAISE OF MARRIAGE

IT was easy to conjecture and logical to anticipate that Mr. Daly would present such a volume as these charming "Songs of Wedlock" (McKay), for he had long been a laureate of the home, a cavalier in sincere praise of "Her" who, with the children, reigned at the hearth of his citadel. Witness in his earlier volumes those dedicatory tributes, "To My Wife and Children," and again, "To Herself." And in and out of the pages of these books, see the gleam of domestic radiance, investing the hours of home, not with the glitter of artificial cambric, but with the warmth and depth of romantic velvets. Even when the setting of these songs was in the light modes of villanelle and rondeau, their ethical impression was wholesome. They went trippingly on the tongue, but not as courtier phrases of insincerity: they were gallant, indeed, but not in the sickly sentimentalism of gallants, who, from Edmund Spenser down to our free-verse writers, have thrummed upon the epithalamium theme.

With Mr. Daly's new volume in hand, one very naturally recalls Coventry Patmore's "The Angel in the House"; and this is not an insinuation that the later book is at any point of its landscape or incident merely an echo of the older poet. But there is a kinship in the objective world, though not in the manner, of the two poets. Patmore's work exhibits in its constructiveness a more organized plan, an epic unity, binding together the ballads of the twice twelve cantos. Yet Mr. Daly has achieved a kindred unity for his songs—I speak of the main division of his work—all his colors and characters turn, as in a composition on canvas, to the love-lit eyes of the central figure. Both poets are knight-errants, albeit "married lovers," and Patmore's question, "Why, having won her, do I woo?" and his answer, in part,

But truly my delight was more  
In her to whom I'm bound for aye  
Yesterday than the day before,  
And more today than yesterday,

are question and answer in kind upon the lips of the present poet.

Turning to Mr. Daly's volume for the rest, we find, in his chiding, "To the Inconstant," a profession which finds verification in many other pages:

O, poor, blind votaries of the chase,  
Ye deem me coldly dutiful  
Who, steadfast, watch one love-lit face  
Grow year by year more beautiful.

It is not borrowed grace of enchantment from a distant view that sets a halo of romance around his inspirations. The arti-

ficial shepherds in the meads about Versailles, and poor Theocritus, amid the splendors of Alexandria, were nothing but make-believe. Not so "Bobby" Burns, native to the cabin and the ploughfield; not so "Tom" Daly, who is remarkably at home in his domestic court:

This is a Queen's domain,  
And all her subjects, happy in her reign,  
Pray God she may, with her sweet woman's grace,  
Long bless this place,  
This is her court. The little airs that stir  
About the room are eloquent of her.  
Each senseless thing whereon her hand hath lain  
Becomes in its own way a courtier,  
This is a Queen's domain.

And, presto! this treasure-land of home sounds just as fair by a dozen other names. For instance, after a day with the fatuous foe, "who wars in street and mart," it becomes "The Citadel," giving the troubadour an opportunity to rival Browning in a ballad of staccato phrases, and excel him in clearness of expression: as in this partial quotation:

In dust of petty war  
My plume today was trailed:  
With barbs that pricked me sore  
My enemy assailed,  
And for the nonce prevailed.  
'Twas his day, I admit  
But now the west has paled  
And here's an end of it.

My enemy—the fool!—  
Believes me beaten well.  
With boasts and ridicule  
His conquest let him tell;  
But when the shadows fell  
I rose up and withdrew  
To this my citadel—  
The quiet night and you!

In giving his singer's talent to the noble theme of home, to the glorification of the bliss of family life, Mr. Daly is fulfilling the functions of a true artist. For ethics cannot be divorced from art: and what earthly theme can exhibit so noble a field for art as that society which is the sacred foundation of all society! And this is a point to be emphasized in our praise of Mr. Daly's work: he has the Catholic mind and heart towards the noblest of all social institutions. And just as, in recent years, Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson recaptured the Catholic mind of Crashaw and Southwell, going back to Catholic traditions, and expressing in magic verse the abstract voices of philosophy and theology—and let me mention as American

craftsmen along the same lines, Father Charles O'Donnell and Mr. Joyce Kilmer—so has Mr. Daly, with true psychological penetration and sincere emotions, phrased for a world which needs it very much, the charms of home-life.

Finally, his technique has grown worthy of his thought. We knew him in the musical numbers which celebrated with sympathetic humor a variety of moods, *Italice, Hibernice* and *Anglice*. We were sure that his college exercises at Fordham initiated him to the intricacies of various verse-forms. And in this volume we are witnesses to his larger aspirations and achievements. He is an academician even in his readier facility; for law governs his structural processes, even though he has the art to hide the art. His odes and ballads proceed from root to branch, and flower and blossom; and therein his art is nature's own. Praise, indeed, in this day of patch-quilt work.

More than one poet disregards or perhaps he never possessed, any sense of organic wholeness in his composition: his ode may have many vigorous and strikingly beautiful lines: but process in it there is none. The last verse might just as fittingly be first, and the central one anywhere: consequently he lacks the art of law, and leaves no ethical impression. License is disintegrating: law is unifying force in verse as in social relations. And we need but turn to Mr. Daly's noble ode, "To a Thrush," to find sufficient exemplification of the truth of these considerations. It is thoroughly Catholic and can fittingly go into an anthology by the side of Francis Thompson and Coventry Patmore; and it is true art; if not the art of the Acropolis, surely of the best abodes of American art. May the matter and manner of Mr. Daly's songs still continue to grow; may their author verify the prospect which his theme and craft hold out to him:

"While mine hath but begun to sound  
In one love's sweet variety."

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

## REVIEWS

**Distributive Justice.** By JOHN A. RYAN, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The title of this book might seem to suggest, by its technical accuracy, an abstruse treatise on an abstract subject. The very contrary is true. The name of the author and his well-deserved reputation for scholarly, courageous and practical discussion of acute phases of the problem of economic unrest should of itself be sufficient to prevent any misconception as to the scope and character of his latest book. It is in fact concerned with no less vital a subject than the "unjust distribution of wealth and income." The processes by which the product of industry is apportioned; the rights and obligations of the classes that share in the profits; and the remedies for the principal defects of the present system, are all treated with fairness, candor, and thoroughness. Dr. Ryan is not radical; he does not believe that the existing economic system is inherently unjust, but he is not afraid to suggest ways of improving it. His clear exposition of the moral aspects of the elements that determine income, of land-ownership and rent, of private capital and interest, of profits and wages, though less intensive than much of his former work, covers a wide field and provides a fresh and comprehensive view, from the Catholic moralist's standpoint, of the entire subject. It would be too much to expect that there should be full agreement with all of the solutions given by the Rev. Dr. Ryan, for in many places of his book he is a pioneer working on a problem of great complexity; but his suggestions are always reasonable and provide the principles on which a just solution can eventually be based. Especially noteworthy are the pages that have brought his treatise on the living wage up to date, and the sections that discuss the legal limitation of fortunes and the duty of distributing superfluous wealth. The book deserves very serious

consideration from all those who are endeavoring to acquire an intelligent grasp of the factors of our economic problems.

J. H. F.

**Psychologie Pédagogique.** Par J. de la VAISSIÈRE. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne.

Pedagogical psychology, according to the eminent author of this remarkable manual, is the positive science of psychological phenomena in their relations to pedagogical problems. From this definition it may be seen that experience and experiments must play an important part in the science itself and in the general structure of the book. As the author says, it would be chimerical and absurd to build any pedagogical structure on a foundation so narrow as scientific experience. Yet that experience cannot be neglected, for it throws light on various problems, and points in many cases the right way to the true educator.

The volume of the French Jesuit is a distinct and valuable contribution to the literature of this fascinating subject. It is solid in its principles, clear in treatment, methodical in sequence and altogether modern and up to date in its close contact with the perplexing problems it investigates. The author is thoroughly acquainted with the literature of the question. A bibliography containing a list of nearly 1,600 books, pamphlets, articles of reviews dealing with every phase of the science, is appended to the volume and the author apologizes for its incompleteness. To the ordinary reader it looks quite formidable. It shows among other things an intimate acquaintance with the trend of thought in America, and American educators like Münsterberg, Hall and Dewey are frequently referred to.

The book is divided into two main parts. The first treats of general, the second of particular psychology. A mere glance at the second section of this second part will convince the reader how thoroughly modern is the treatment of the questions which concern the backward and the abnormal child, for the subject is admirably treated. Indeed the whole book is a decided advance on previous manuals as it is thoroughly scientific, sound and illuminating. "Psychologie Pédagogique" deserves a hearty welcome and the largest possible circulation.

J. C. R.

**A Sketch of the Life and Works of the Venerable Don Bosco, Apostle of Youth, the Founder of the Society of St. Francis of Sales.** By M. S. PINE. Philadelphia: The Salesian Press. \$0.75.

When the Visitandine nun who is the author of this very readable biography, wrote to Father Frederick Barni, S.S. F.S., and asked him what was most striking about Don Bosco's interior life, Father Barni answered:

Don Bosco is remarkable for three characteristics: First his love for the Holy Eucharist and his constant endeavor to preach and write about frequent and even daily Communion on the part of the children. In this he anticipated years before the decree of the late Pope Pius X on "Frequent and Daily Communion." The second ideal was "to go to Jesus through Mary." . . . The third principle that guided all Don Bosco's steps was blind obedience to the See of Rome.

It was on these solid Catholic foundations in the soul of Don Bosco that the enduring work he started was built. The career of this modern apostle of youth, as described by his discerning biographer, reads like a romance. In 1826, when a boy of only eleven, he already burned with a desire to become the instructor of "poor neglected children and preserve them from wickedness." When ordained a priest in 1841 his eagerness for that apostolate was stronger still, and a year later Don Bosco practically founded



at Turin the first Oratory of St. Francis of Sales, consisting of 500 poor boys whom he undertook to teach how to pray, work and study. "Let us try to prevent instead of repressing crime," was his watchword. The enterprise prospered and spread. The Salesian Cooperators were organized, the Salesian Sisters founded, industrial and professional schools opened, and the mission field was entered. In 1874 Don Bosco's Institute was approved by the Holy See, and on his death, in 1888, he left 250 Salesian houses in which 130,000 children were being educated and trained, and from which 18,000 finished apprentices graduated annually. The Congregation Don Bosco founded now numbers more than 4,500 religious, who are continuing, especially in Europe and South America, the apostolic work which this zealous Italian priest began so modestly seventy-five years ago.

W. D.

**Letters to Jack.** By the RT. REV. FRANCIS C. KELLEY, D.D., LL.D. Preface by His Grace ARCHBISHOP MUNDELEIN. Chicago: Extension Press. \$1.00.

Any serious person who has passed some years beyond his twenty-first birthday, and who has not forgotten the conceits and follies his early youth was heir to, will appreciate this book. "Time is the old justice that examines all . . . offenders." Not only examines them, but convinces them of their offences. The rule is that only time and experience show us the wisdom of having our very virtues whipped by our faults, and how comforting and necessary it is that our shortcomings be cherished by our virtues. What of the youth who has not entered the "University of Hard Knocks"? One is sure that the sensible young man will find the "Letters" pleasing and profitable reading. They are entertaining, they are pleasantly and convincingly instructive. Only one who has been at close grips with life could have written them. There is no show of rhetoric, but a plain statement of what the youth must grapple with, what strength he needs, what art he must use, if he looks forward to a successful life as a Christian gentleman. Certainly it is the part of common sense to profit by the experience of the wise.

Every ambitious young man, as the author observes, starts out to make a "noise" in the world. Blessed is the youth who learns from the "Letters to Jack" that the Siren screams more shrilly than the warning Angel; that it is rather the vendor of shoddy who is given to hysteria than the purveyor of precious wares. The one puts his trust in catchy phrases; the other in the worth of his goods.

F. J. McN.

**Washington.** By WILLIAM H. RIDEING; **John Paul Jones.** By L. FRANK TOOKER; **Custer.** By F. S. DELLENBAUGH. True Stories of Great Americans Series. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$0.50 each.

Thackeray once wrote: "Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him: 'Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is in that.'" The series of books, "True Stories of Great Americans," makes practical the actual carrying out of one part of the great English novelist's advice, for these true stories are well calculated to win the wonder of the American boy. The story of our first President is told stirringly with an appeal to admiration that the boy cannot resist, such as Thackeray himself might have lauded. We are brought to see face to face the first American in his home, on the battle-field, in the curule chair, and everywhere we find him the commanding figure that gave the chief luster to what Webster called "our agony of glory—the War of Independence." The second of the volumes tells the story of the man

who made that agony glorious on the seas. John Paul was not an American, but a Scotchman, who, however, gave his whole services to our country, and, it seems probable, took the name Jones from his great American friend and benefactor. The sterling event of his career, the battle of the *Bon Homme Richard* against the *Serapis*, off Flamborough Head, is here related with all the distinct vividness of a piratical romance, enough to stir the blood to excitement as it must fire the soul to admiration. If the boy is led to revere Washington and Jones for the part they played in welding our country together against foreign foes he will like Custer for shielding it against domestic enemies, for it was Custer who, in large part, was responsible for the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. But it is his career among the Indians that will perhaps give him his greatest glamor among boys, and it is gratifying to note that he felt so keenly the injustice being done to the Indians. The descriptions of the Indian fights are full of information and interest. The three little books are written down to the average boy's level, are well illustrated, and are low in price, thus being a suitable birthday gift for a boy.

C. L. B.

**Principles of Money and Banking.** By HAROLD G. MOULTON. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$3.00.

**Principles of Accounting.** By STEPHEN GILMAN, B. S. Chicago: La Salle Extension University. \$2.00.

**International Finance.** By HARTLEY WITHERS. New York: E. P. Dutton. \$1.25.

**High Finance.** By OTTO H. KAHN. New York: Published by the Author. \$0.25.

Here are some books that will interest and help those who are actually engaged in, or are preparing themselves to enter, the financial and commercial field. Into the 500 or more pages of the book Mr. Moulton edits, everything seems to be packed that a student could reasonably desire to know regarding the mysteries and methods of money and banking. Under such headings as "The Nature and Functions of Money," "Bimetallism," "Government Paper Money," "The Nature and Functions of Credit," "The Regulation of Banking," etc., a large number of authors explain financial principles, or tell the history of commercial developments. A fifty-cent handbook of "Exercises and Questions," which accompanies the large volume, increases the practical value of the work.

Mr. Gilman, in his volume, covers clearly and thoroughly the "Principles of Accounting." After explaining the bases of accounting, journals, balance-sheets, assets, liabilities, etc., and how all these are to be handled, the author goes on to the subject of proprietorship, partnership, and corporations, and speaks of all the bookkeeping that these involve. A large number of illustrations and test-questions are given.

"International Finance" is a book originally written for English readers, but has been revised for Americans. Since we have become by reason of the present war international financiers on a great scale, it is interesting to read about money-lending as practised by the investors and financiers of the Old World. The benefits of international finance are stated together with a chapter on its evils, and the book closes with some pages on the remedies and regulations for the perils of international finance.

"High Finance" is an address made by the author at the annual dinner of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, New York. Mr. Kahn seeks to learn the reason why the term "High Finance," so respectable in its origin, has come to have a rather suspicious meaning among Americans of our time. That is due to a lack of clear appreciation of what finance means. Correct ideas about what a financier is are given, and the requisite qualities of a true financier are described.

F. A. B.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The Rev. J. H. Pollen, S. J., 31 Farm Street, London, is making an appeal to the friends of the late Father Edward I. Purbrick, S. J., for letters or memorials of him which may be used to record in some permanent form his many activities. "Father Martindale is to be editor or even biographer, if sufficient correspondence can be collected." Readers of AMERICA, who met or corresponded with Father Purbrick during his stay in this country, are requested to send Father Pollen any letters or recollections that would be of value to a biographer. All such communications will be carefully returned.

The Catholic Truth Society has gathered into a little "Book of Essays" (Herder, \$0.70) the late Mgr. Benson's papers, on "Infallibility," "The Deathbeds of 'Bloody Mary' and 'Good Queen Bess'," "Christian Science," "Spiritualism," "Catholicism," "Catholicism and the Future," and "The Conversion of England." Father Allan Ross contributes an excellent sketch of the author's career, and Father Martindale writes a foreword for the volume. The striking contrast between the deaths of the two Queens is thoroughly Bensonian, and the article on "Catholicism and the Future," written seven years ago for the *Atlantic*, is an admirable piece of apologetics. Mgr. Benson shows the "modern thinker" how strong Catholicism is today.

Many readers of *Acta et Dicta*, the St. Paul Catholic Historical Society's excellent quarterly, and of the *Catholic Historical Review*, published by the Catholic University, find the varied and well-edited "Notes and Comments" in those magazines the most interesting pages. In the latest numbers that department is particularly readable. The leading articles in *Acta et Dicta* are Archbishop Ireland's "Life of Bishop Cretin," Father Savs' "The Catholic Church in Wright County" and Father Gauchan's "The Catholic Church in Goodhue County." To the *Catholic Historical Review* Bishop Canevin contributes an important paper on the "Loss and Gain Problem (1800-1916)," Waldo G. Leland writes "Concerning Catholic Historical Societies," and Father O'Daniel gives a sketch of "The Right Rev. Juan de Las Cabezas de Altamirano."

The "Fourth" (\$0.45), "Fifth" (\$0.50) and "Sixth" (\$0.60) of "The Ideal Catholic Readers" (Macmillan), which a Sister of St. Joseph has compiled and the other numbers of which have been commended in our columns, are now ready. The selections in these well-graded readers include narratives from the Bible, accounts of early explorers, the heroism of Catholic missionaries, nature-studies, interesting stories, and a generous quantity of verse, much of it by modern Catholic writers. The series is suitably illustrated and is supplied with notes, questions and vocabularies.—The first of "The Corona Readers" (Ginn, \$0.32) by James H. Fassett will doubtless be welcomed by parochial-school teachers. The lessons are well suited to young minds and the book is generously furnished with pictures.

The *Poetry Review* for January and February is marked by that same high literary quality which has made this magazine the best of its kind. Geraldine E. Hodgson's paper on "Racial Patriotism in Poetry" brings out admirably the difference between the singers of England and those of Ireland: Cecil Roberts contributes a just appraisal of James Elroy Flecker's poetry; Germaine de Smet, a Belgian poet, analyzes the genius of the late Charles Péguy, and P. Polderman introduces to English readers "A Flemish Poet: Firmin Van Hecke." The number is rich in poems, chiefly on the war, which proclaim the nobility of self-sacrifice or moan the death of peace. Sergeant Coulson, who was killed last October, writes:

Our little hour,—how soon it dies:  
How short a time to tell our beads,  
To chant our feeble litanies,  
To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.  
The altar lights grow pale and dim,  
The bells hang silent in the tower—  
So passes with the dying hymn  
Our little hour.

And Sir Ronald Ross sings thus of "Peace":

From fire to umber fades the sunset gold,  
From umber into silver and twilight,  
The infant flowers their orisons have told,  
And turn together folded for the night.

The garden urns are black against the eve;  
The white moth flutters through the fragrant glooms;  
How beautiful the heavens!—But yet we grieve  
And wander restless from the lighted rooms.

For through the world tonight a murmur thrills  
As at some new-born prodigy of time—  
Peace dies like twilight bleeding on the hills,  
And Darkness creeps to hide the hateful crime.

Mr. Theodore Maynard, whose contributions have delighted AMERICA's readers, recently won half of the *Poetry Review's* bi-monthly premium for the best poem submitted.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

- D. Appleton & Co., New York:  
Great Inspirers. By Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C., Ph.D. \$1.50.
- Benziger Brothers, New York:  
Catholic Christianity. By Rev. O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R. \$1.50;  
The Progress of a Soul. By Kate Ursula Brock. \$1.00; The Prince of Peace. Meditations by the Rev. Alban Goodier, S.J. \$0.75.
- Dodd, Mead & Co., New York:  
The Three Gifts of Life. By Nellie M. Smith, A.M. \$0.50.
- George H. Doran Co., New York:  
The Matchmakers. By J. E. Buckrose. \$1.35; "All's Well!" By John Oxenham. \$1.00.
- E. P. Dutton & Co., New York:  
The Wave. An Egyptian Aftermath. By Algernon Blackwood. \$1.50;  
Pirate Bridge. By R. F. Foster. \$1.50.
- The Encyclopedia Press, New York:  
A Lily of the Snow. By F. A. Forbes.
- D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago:  
The Communion Prayer Book. By a Sister of St. Joseph. \$0.25; The Way of the Cross. By Rev. D. P. O'Brien. \$0.05.
- Henry Holt & Co., New York:  
Creative Intelligence. Essays in the Pragmatic Attitude. By John Dewey and Others. \$2.00.
- B. Herder, St. Louis:  
The Sacraments; a Dogmatic Treatise. By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph Pohle, Ph.D., D.D. Vol. III. \$1.50; A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy. By Cardinal Mercier. Vol. I. \$3.50.
- Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:  
Jerry. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. \$1.50; The Spring Song. By Forrest Reid. \$1.40; The Issue. By J. W. Headlam, M.A. \$1.00; The Life of Ulysses S. Grant. By Louis A. Coolidge. With Portraits. \$2.00; Letters to a Young Housekeeper. By Jane Prince. \$1.35.
- John Lane Co., New York:  
The Invisible Balance Sheet. By Katrina Trask. \$1.40.
- J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:  
Rings for the Finger. By George Frederick Kunz. 290 Illustrations. \$6.50.
- Longmans, Green & Co., New York:  
The Catholic Church from Within. Third Impression. By Alice, Lady Lovat. With Preface by Cardinal Vaughan. \$1.25; Marriage and Morality: Marriage as a Career. By Helen E. Crossman. \$0.10; The Educational Value of Monogamy. By Lettice MacMunn. \$0.12; The History of Mother Seton's Daughters. By Sister Mary Agnes McCann, M.A. Two Vols. \$5.00.
- Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H.:  
Letters of a Traveling Salesman. By Charlie Jacobsen. \$0.75.
- The Mission Press, Techny:  
The Slate-Picker Soprano. By Will W. Whalen. \$0.45.
- John Murphy Co., Baltimore:  
A Retrospect of Fifty Years. By James Cardinal Gibbons. Two Vols. \$2.00.
- Charles Leo O'Connor, Buffalo:  
American: the New Pan-American Language. By Charles Leo O'Connor.
- Benjamin M. Read, Santa Fe:  
Chronological Digest of the "Documentos Ineditos del Archivo de las Indias." By Benjamin M. Read. \$1.00.
- Yale University Press, New Haven:  
Latin Sentence Connection. By Clarence Mendell, Ph.D. \$1.50.
- Joseph F. Wagner, New York:  
Catholic Christianity and the Modern World. By Rev. K. Krogh-Tonning, D.D. \$1.25.



## EDUCATION

## Our Oleaginous Oligarchy

THROUGH its vowel point, Mr. Abraham Flexner, the Rockefeller, General Education Board opened this auspicious year by announcing the happy dawn of the educational millennium. The coming of light into the dark places of the teacher's life is to be hastened by the establishment of a model school in the classic groves of Columbia University, Manhattan Borough, New York. This is a sweetly solemn thought. Blest are we who have been preserved to gaze with aged, tremulously expectant eyes upon the portals of this edifice which shall never be suffered to grow dark for lack of the best illuminating oil, marketed by the consummate genius of Mr. Rockefeller.

## ROCKEFELLERIZED NEW YORK

BLEST, too, is our generation in the mind which conceived this educational reform. Many and undeniable are the versatile Mr. Flexner's qualifications as a founder of a model school. At home and abroad, he has toiled to elucidate the social evil, and on this topic, so intimately bound up with the education of our boys and girls, he admits no peer. As a forward-looking member of the School Board, that curious collection of individuals which shakes one's faith in the accuracy of the description *homo sapiens*, he has faithfully labored to make Mr. Rockefeller's administration of the city of New York the very apotheosis of modern social democracy. Not a subsidized magazine of alleged social or political reform, not a single group of serious little thinkers, that does not hail him as a Solomon in judgment, and a Moses, Heaven-appointed, to lead the world from the slavery of traditionalism, into the promised land where all mental pabulum will be prepared, sterilized, and distributed by the employees of a moneyed foundation.

## AN ENDOWED ARGUMENT

ALL this is very well, but frankly I find it exceedingly difficult to regard this oleaginous oligarchy with any proper degree of seriousness. True, as Father Reville has happily pointed out, although in more classic language, \$35,000,000 is not an argument that can be silenced by a sneeze. Money does not talk nowadays; it shrieks, and many accept it as an argument. Mr. Rockefeller has almost a monopoly of this kind of argument, but as Father Reville has admirably shown, he and his educational reforms have thus far evinced themselves possessed of very little else. But what he has he uses. He was never a mute, inglorious Milton, nor has the violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye, ever been the badge of his reluctant house, except, perhaps, in such untoward contingencies as those recent court proceedings in Ohio to determine whether or not Mr. Rockefeller was to pay taxes to Cuyahoga County on property valued at \$311,000,000. As an advertiser and a successful seller of oil and allied products, this venerable man has had no equal in the history of civilization. As a philanthropist, his claims to the love of his fellows have been disputed by the miners of Cripple Creek and the workers of Bayonne; but as an educational reformer, working through the adaptable medium of Mr. Flexner, the Sage of Pocantico has outdone the educational tinkers of all recorded time.

## MR. FLEXNER'S ANCESTOR

"THE curriculum," announces Mr. Flexner, after stating that formal grammar, along with Latin and Greek, is to have no place in his celebrated school, "will contain nothing for which an affirmative case cannot be made out." This is somewhat cryptic, but it would seem that "an affirmative case" can be readily "made out" for any pursuit which in the *a priori* judgment of Mr. Flexner and his board, prepares the child to take his place as an active, productive member of society. The "affirmative case" test fits in most admirably with the philosophy of

another educational reformer, not unknown to fame, Mr. Squeers of Dotheboys Hall. "We go on the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby," explains this worthy, on learning that the first boy is cleaning the back parlor window. "When a boy knows this out of a book, he goes and does it."

"Where's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, bottin, n-e-y, bottiney, noun, substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottiney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system."

A western critic suggests that, in planning his new school, Mr. Flexner has simply put in practice the philosophy enunciated in Herbert Spencer's "Education: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical." Mr. Flexner himself says, somewhat vaguely, that "this thing's as old as the hills." Possibly, but the direct and proximate line of ancestry seems to lead to Mr. Squeers.

## GREEKLESS IN THE MUSEUM

FAR be it from even the most mordant critic to suggest that the pupils of Mr. Flexner's model school are to be subjected to any such practical philosophy as window-cleaning and gardening. To be sure, just as in Mr. Squeers' famous establishment, a moderate stipend is to be exacted, in return for which the boys and girls of this new experiment will be "boarded, clothed, booked, washed, and provided with all necessities," except those of a religious nature. In addition to these undoubted advantages they are to dip with liberal lip into the vast oceans of knowledge provided by "the New York harbor, the Metropolitan Museum, the Public Library, the Zoological Gardens, the Weather Bureau, the transportation systems, etc.," for all of which "an affirmative case," as necessary factors in the training of children, has "been made out." It is interesting to speculate on the meaning which the Greek marbles in the Museum will convey to Mr. Flexner's Greekless pupils, who will likewise be void of any knowledge of Greek history. The name-plates too, in the Zoological Gardens and the Aquarium will present a further difficulty to these pupils to whom the study of Latin and Greek has been sternly interdicted. However, the educational value of observing the habits of the aoudad, and of our "transportation systems," as exemplified by the aberrations of the Fifth Avenue buses, will more than compensate for any lack of first-hand acquaintance with Homer or the Greek tragedians. These persons have been dead a long time, while, on the other hand, few objects more charged with life, color, and the power of adaptability, than the multitudinous simians at the Bronx Zoo.

## BLOWN FROM A GUN

THE food upon which Mr. Flexner's educational progeny are to wax fat, is "facts." Of poetry and fancy, of Latin and Greek, of ideals and aspirations, of religion and ethics, we have had enough, as the present lean race bears witness. Mr. Flexner will not select "facts" of history "which previous generations of children have learned and forgotten," nor facts drawn from metaphysics and religion, which for him seem to have no existence, but "facts" of a hard and concrete nature "not based upon authority and tradition." "You are in all things to be regulated and governed by fact," says the inspector at Mr. Gradgrind's school, when little Cissy Jupe suggests that fancy may have its place even in so prosaic a process as carpeting a room. Like Mr. Gradgrind, the teachers in Mr. Flexner's model school "will be a kind of cannon loaded to the muzzle with facts," and the unhappy children will be fed on the new mental food, facts blown from a gun. For

what I want is Facts. Teach these boys and girls nothing but Facts. Facts alone are wanted in life. Plant nothing else, and root out everything else. You can only form the

minds of reasoning animals on Facts; nothing else will ever be of any service to them. . . . Stick to the Facts, sir! . . . In this life, we want nothing but the Facts, sir, nothing but the Facts.

"Nothing else will ever be of any service to them." No phrase could more aptly express the close kinship between those eminent utilitarians, Mr. Abraham Flexner and Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, "a man of realities." Nor has the purpose of the General Board of Education, self-styled, but appointed and financed by the most insidious commercial monopoly of all time, ever been better expressed than in the words of Dickens:

You are in all things to be regulated and governed by fact. We hope to have before long a board of fact, composed of commissioners of fact, who will force the people to be a people of fact, and of nothing but fact. . . . This is the new discovery.

True, education must deal with facts, but it cannot be built on alleged facts. Where today are the "facts" of science, so blatantly proclaimed as "emancipation" in the wild days following the publication of "On the Origin of Species"? How often has a pseudo-science, wandering far beyond its proper domain, stated as an indubitable fact, what was nothing but an erroneous and presumptuous interpretation of natural phenomena?

#### THE NEW IDEAL

SURELY, to be ignorant of Latin and Greek, to be unacquainted with religious knowledge and training, to know nothing about history and ancient literature cannot be urged seriously as an ideal in education. Thirty-five million dollars may do much to further the progress of this Flexnerized project, but considered on its merits, this "new discovery," new at least in its formula, can be adjudged to be nothing but the insanity of an oleaginous oligarchy.

P. L. B.

### SOCIOLOGY

#### The Widow Bosco

THIS is a page, crude and deficient, but written with much love, from the life-story of an Italian peasant woman. Thousands of men and women in Italy call her by the sweet name of mother; Princes of the Church have risen up to bless her; Bishops, struggling in far-off missions, draw strength and consolation from the thought of her simple days of prayer and labor. The learned world knows very little about her. She wrote no pamphlets on social betterment, because she did not know how to write. She studied none of the volumes deifying "humanity" with which the Europe of her day was flooded, because she could not read. Nor did she call herself a sociologist; she wished to "reform" no one but herself, for she considered herself a great sinner. She did wonderful things, although she did not know this, simply because love and sacrifice and humility ruled her life. A lesson this, for all social workers, particularly those who stand on soap-boxes on street-corners, lifting up their scannel pipe to the ribald multitude.

#### A MOTHER'S ONLY WORK

THIS peasant woman, ignorant by our standards, had the heart of a heroine, the soul of a Saint, the love of a Vincent de Paul, and all that sweetness and refinement without which "culture" is but a vulgar veneer. She was born near Turin, towards the close of the eighteenth century, the daughter of a peasant, and her name was Margaret Occhiena. At an early age she married Francis Bosco, a farmer of the neighborhood, and when but nineteen years old, was left a widow with two children, the younger of whom is known to the world as the Venerable Dom Bosco. "All that I am, all that I have,"

said Abraham Lincoln, "I owe to my mother," and few men there are, risen to eminence, who cannot say the same. Yet she did nothing, this simple peasant whose work now lives in the foundations of her saintly son, that the world judges extraordinary. "She devoted herself to the care of her children," says Villefranche, the biographer of Dom Bosco, writing of her early widowhood. Here, perhaps, is the secret of her greatness. True worth is not attained outside of one's vocation, and hers was to care for her little family. In no other way could she serve God or "humanity," and she had too much good sense, not to speak of religion, to try.

#### TRAINING TO "DON'T"

I DARE say that not all her methods would have been crowned by our modern theorists who so grievously misinterpret the proper maxim that the ways must be made easy for childish feet. Her two boys, with their stepbrother, slept on boards, and their food was, for the most part, bread and polenta, with, occasionally, the simple fruits gathered in their orchard. In summer, she awakened them at dawn, and in winter much earlier. They had their time for healthful play, but the greater part of the day, was spent in the vineyard or in the fields. "He who cannot endure," the widow would say, "cannot conquer in life's struggle." There is a depth of wisdom in the observation which our hasty educators would do well to heed. This Italian woman believed with Uncle Remus that "chillen mus' learn to don't," and she lost no opportunity of training her boys to habits of manly self-restraint. Yet, as all later bore testimony, it was a little home made truly happy by peace and mutual love.

#### HER EXCELLENT WISDOM

WITHOUT schooling herself, because of the disturbed state of Italy following the revolutionary wars, the widow Bosco "honored learning and combated ignorance in her children." But she did not favor that "half-education" which gives the child just enough information to make him dissatisfied with inevitable circumstances, and not enough philosophy or religion to bear them with fortitude. Anthony, her stepson, and Joseph the elder of her boys, would become comfortable farmers, she knew, and for this she strove to prepare them. But John "was made for something more than the plough and the spade." He wanted an education, and although her poverty seemed a bar to this ambition, she determined to make every effort to allow him to go to college. She did not see her way clearly, but trusted that "Providence would aid and guide." Nor did Providence fail her. Through the kindness of a neighboring priest, the boy was soon able to set himself to his books, and afterwards the widow, though at a sacrifice which her son would have stayed if he could, sent him to Chieri for his higher studies. In 1841, he reached the goal of his ambition. "Now you are a priest, my son," said his heroic mother, "you are near Our Lord, but the apostolic life is a life of suffering. I do not ask rest for you, but courage." No merely human counsel shines through the sublimity of these words. She was not learned, the widow Bosco, but she possessed in a high degree, the yet more excellent gift of wisdom.

#### HER GREAT WORK

FIVE years later, she joined him in his life work of "making Christians and good citizens of urchins who would otherwise people prisons." It was a sore trial to her simple, loving soul. "Ah, must I never again see the mountains, and the belfry of our church?" she wept. "Must I leave Joseph and my little grandchildren!" But grace overcame the promptings of her tender nature. "They do not need me; you do; I go to pack my bundle." Mother and son made the journey on foot, "to save money for the poor orphans," and a touching incident



marked her arrival in Turin. Dom Bosco was then conducting a night school for working boys, but the establishment was wretchedly poor. The widow at once decided to sell the one thing which she valued: her bridal outfit and a gold chain, an heirloom, which she had treasured to that day! "I had tears in my eyes," she said, some years later to Dom Lemoyne, the biographer of her son, "when I looked at them for the last time. But perceiving my weakness, I said: 'Go, dear remembrances of my husband and parents, you cannot end better than in being used for poor children.'" These evidences of pure human affection in the lives of God's holy ones, true followers of Jesus who wept at the death of His friend, endear them to us the more. Only the Saints are truly affectionate.

Other trials were in store: ingratitude, and want of appreciation on the part of those who should have welcomed the work. At first, too, the comings and goings of a thousand topsy turvy boys afforded a most unpleasant contrast to the quiet of her peaceful mountain home. "But I do not mind it," she said after a few days. "Always bring in as many noisy boys as you like, dear John; there will never be too many for me, so long as you can do them good." Anyone who has ever dealt with even a roomful of our vivacious little Italians can appreciate her sacrifice. "Don't mind," she once remarked to an assistant, after a crash of dishes and pans announced a calamity of unusual magnitude, "that youngster has quicksilver in his veins."

#### PRAYER AND LABOR

**B**UT who can fitly relate her ceaseless labor for God's little ones, the neglected or orphaned children of Turin? Only He who did not overlook the widow's mite, but told of it for a memory of the self-denying charity of the poor, can fully record that hidden story. The love of her great mother-heart so went out to these children, who by a cruel inversion, were strangers to the birthright of every child, that each thought himself loved more than all the rest. But her tenderest love was reserved for Christ's poor little ones who most needed it; for them whom an unhappy acquaintance with vice had made sullen and repulsive. What time was left from work she gave to prayer; or rather, so close was her union with God, that the two seemed one. Speaking for her "children," Villefranche draws this charming picture of "Mamma Margaret" in the kitchen:

To one she would say: "Take a knife, and clean the vegetables—*Our Father who art in Heaven*"; to another: "Run, get some wood—*hallowed be*." Then nodding towards the window: "There is my linen on the ground; who will go and take it up?—*Thy name*: Ah, little one, your shirt is torn again; do you think I have nothing to do but to mend it?—*Thy will be done*: Go see if Dom Bosco has returned; he works too hard, dear man. However, I must not scandalize you by my thoughtless words, dear children. No one works too hard when it is for God—*on earth as it is in Heaven*."

For herself she asked nothing except to work for the poor. "I am only a poor old woman," she would say, "fine things are not for me." A bishop once offered her his silver snuff-box, after she had excused herself from taking a pinch of snuff, on the ground that she might acquire an expensive habit. His Lordship's kindly gift was soon metamorphosed into shoes for the boys. Christ dying on the Cross had nothing but His seamless garment; His humble follower literally imitated His example. When some of her friends wished to have relics of her garments, it was found that all her poor but scrupulously neat wardrobe clothed her in her coffin. She died on November 25, 1856, in the midst of her "children." "Happy mother to have had such a son," exclaims Villefranche. "Happy son to have had such a mother!"

During its first years, this great woman was the inspiration of the Salesian Society. Her administrative ability

was of a very high order; and she had that true nobility of soul which made her equally at home with children in the kitchen and with visitors of rank who frequently sought her company. But great as she was in many respects, what was said of St. Francis de Sales might, with appropriate change, be applied to her: "She loved poor children so much that it seemed impossible she could love God more."

O lowly follower of Jesus Christ, give us some share of your wisdom. We may not invoke you, yet we cannot forget the promise which Our Lord has made to those who receive even one little child in His Name; and you received thousands. With all a mother's love you gave yourself to all; to children not of your blood, but equally dear as the poor little brothers of Jesus Christ. Gone now are the days of your toil and sacrifice; you sleep in the peace of Christ. May your example bring home to our Catholic mothers their sacred duty to their children, keep our young women as you were, ever unspotted from the world, stir up in our cold hearts the spirit of true, ennobling love for Christ's poor, our passport to Heaven, and make us all to realize that life's truest purposes are only attained through love of God above all things, and love of our neighbor, especially the poor, for His dear sake.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

#### NOTE AND COMMENT

##### The "Literacy Bill" Now Law

**C**ONGRESS took an unusual step when, on February 5, the Senate adopted the new immigration law over the President's veto by a vote of 62 to 19. Only thirty vetoes have been overridden in the history of the United States, but none hitherto in Mr. Wilson's administration, and only four within the last thirty-five years. The new law popularly known as the "literacy bill" has had a stormy career. Vetoed by Presidents Cleveland, Taft, and twice by President Wilson, it has always been able to rally new supporters, among some of whom no little anti-Catholic bias was observable. The literacy test in the new law provides for the exclusion from the United States of all aliens over sixteen years of age, physically capable of reading, who cannot read the English language or some other language or dialect, including Hebrew or Yiddish. Any admissible alien, however, or any citizen of the United States, may bring in his father or grandfather, over fifty-five years of age, his wife, mother, grandmother, or unmarried or widowed daughter, if otherwise admissible, whether such relatives can or cannot read. AMERICA's opinion on the unwisdom of this bill has been registered more than once. Subjected to the strain of test, the weakness of its provisions may become so apparent as to suggest repeal or amendment, especially in the abnormal conditions of labor which are sure to follow on the conclusion of the war. In the opinion of many, particularly of Senator Reed of Missouri, the bill is sure to be resented by Japan, and perhaps by other nations as well.

##### A Chicago Judge and the "Uplifters"

**A** MOVEMENT certainly not dictated by patriotism or "love for the helpless orphan" came to a close in Chicago, when Judge Jesse A. Baldwin granted the petition of W. H. Dunn, restraining the County of Cook from paying the sum of \$4,151 to the Chicago Industrial School for Girls. As to Judge Baldwin, it may be said that he acted only in accordance with his duty as outlined by the laws of the State; Mr. Dunn, on the other hand, seemed to be actuated by fear of Papal domination in this country, exercised and extended in the care of orphans and outcasts. The petitioner took the ground that the county

could not legally make any payment to a school or institution under the control of a church, and charged that "the Chicago Industrial School is maintained as an instrument of the Roman Catholic Church." Mr. Dunn is now displaying his love of country and of the helpless by bringing similar suits against other institutions in the city of Chicago. In announcing his decision, Judge Baldwin used these notable words:

In reaching this conclusion, I am not unmindful of the devotion and self-sacrifice evidenced by those in charge of this school, nor underestimating at all the efficiency of its management. As previously indicated in this opinion, it is my belief that in a large majority of cases, work of this kind is more *economically and efficiently done in institutions controlled, managed and inspired by religious and sectarian organizations than when administered by the State.*

In the meantime, in New York and elsewhere, our modern sociologists, pagan philanthropists and Charity Trusts, are proceeding on the theory that public relief is best administered by political "uplifters" in receipt of large salaries. "New York and elsewhere" will learn a lesson in time; but at the expense of the exploited poor.

#### Jonathan Wild and the "Hunger Strikers"

IT was Jonathan Wild who held vigorously that a thief should be tried by a jury of his fellow-craftsmen. A woman recently convicted in the Brooklyn Court of Special Sessions, of a disgraceful infraction of the penal code of New York, seems to share Mr. Wild's contention; at least, she persistently objected to any and all processes of law which were invoked against her by a long-suffering and too patient community. She objected to arrest at the hands of a crude, unsocialized policeman, she objected to going to the station-house, objected to the customary arraignment, and, not unnaturally, to the conviction which speedily followed. After this series of objections came a very violent objection against the New York system of "finger printing." "It is simply hideous!" she exclaimed. However well founded her criticism, and few find any force in it, the process cannot compare in hideousness with the crime for which this notoriety-seeking woman has at last been convicted. Meanwhile the reputable portion of the community, which has never had any countenance for the "moral" or commercial aspirations of the birth-controllers, is rapidly tiring of the raucous bellowings of these self-styled "martyrs." Reports of the most sensational character regarding a birth-controller, who, sentenced to an imprisonment of thirty days, began a "hunger strike," have been given wide circulation by favor of an irresponsible press. These reports told of "extreme exhaustion," of "a condition near death," and of "legal murder." On the other hand, the Commissioner of Corrections refers to the proceedings as "a comedy-farce," which, however, has cost the taxpayers a pretty penny. "This woman," he reports, "was in a better condition upon leaving Blackwell's Island than when she came. Her case has been handled by eminent physicians, under no obligation to me or to any one else, and these physicians are prepared to stand by their reports." Perhaps one way of closing this disgraceful "farce" would be to institute an impartial investigation of the commercial aspect of the recent movements in New York, for the repeal of the law forbidding the dissemination of information on birth-control.

#### Fire Laws and the Catholic Conscience

NEW YORK has excellent laws relating to protection against fire. These laws, for the most part, are a credit to the mind which originated them, and to the State printer who has set them up so beautifully in the statute book. But despite inspectors, they have not always been perfectly observed, for there are employers who never hesitate to stake the safety of the

worker against the chance of gaining a few blood-stained dollars. A decision recently secured in the Kings County Supreme Court may now have some effect in inducing a reformation. In November, 1915, a fire broke out in a Brooklyn shirt factory. A trap door leading to a fire escape was found locked, and the evidence showed that it had generally been kept locked. The result was that eight girls and four men were burned to death. The Brooklyn court has imposed a sentence of from two and one-half to five years in Sing Sing upon the owner of the business, and his partner and the proprietor of the building are to face trial next month. This is the first conviction, although by no means the first trial, of the kind in New York. Most unfortunately, however, close upon this conviction followed a decision of the State Court of Appeals, to the effect that the City Fire Commissioner had no power in a given instance "to order the fireproofing of shafts, or the making of any other structural change in a building." The full effect of this decision is not yet clear, but according to the New York *Tribune*, it is "important to many owners of factory buildings, warehouses and mercantile establishments who have been ordered to make extensive changes." In the present state of industrial development, mandatory legislation is absolutely necessary for the protection of the worker. Apart, however, from all legal directions, Catholic employers should remember that they are *strictly bound in conscience*, to take all reasonable means of securing the health and well-being of their employees. Much of what is considered new in modern social welfare movements is simply the affirmation of the old Catholic teaching, that the employer stands in a quasi-parental relation to the worker. From this relation arise obligations which the Catholic can shirk only at the peril of grievous sin.

#### Death of an American Cardinal

ONE of the four American Cardinals, his Eminence, Diomed Cardinal Falconio, died at Rome on February 7. Born in the diocese of Monte Cassino, Italy, on September 20, 1842, he entered the Seraphic Order eighteen years later, came to the United States in 1865, and was ordained by Bishop Timon of Buffalo on January 4, 1866. In 1869, while a professor at the Seminary of St. Bonaventure, Allegany, N. Y., he became an American citizen. In 1871 at the invitation of the Bishop, he went to Harbor-Grace, Newfoundland, and for eleven years was chancellor of the diocese and rector of the Cathedral. In 1882 he was attached to the Italian Church of St. Anthony, on Sullivan street, New York, but in the following year was made Provincial of the Franciscans in the Abruzzi. For nine years he occupied posts of trust and responsibility in his Order, and while preparing for an official visitation of the Franciscans in Northern France, was preconized Bishop of Lacedonia, and consecrated on July 17, 1892. Three years later the Holy See raised him to the United Archiepiscopal See of Accerenza and Matera in Basilicata, and in August, 1899, Leo XIII sent him, as the first Apostolic Delegate, to Canada. On September 30, 1902, the Archbishop was transferred to Washington, as Apostolic Delegate to the United States in succession to Cardinal Martinelli. On receipt of official intimation of his elevation to the Sacred College, Archbishop Falconio left New York on November 14, 1911, in company with the Archbishop of New York, who received the red hat with him and the Archbishop of Boston on November 27. "I have lived among the American people," said Mgr. Falconio, on that occasion, "and I have learned to love them. I admire their intelligence, I am grateful for their warm hospitality." The life story of the late Cardinal is a record of distinguished service to the Church. Noted for his learning, and for his ability as a diplomat, using the word in its best sense, he was above all an ecclesiastic of simple and unfeigned piety.